



No. 237.—VOL. XIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½d.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AS AN EASTERN BEAUTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BULLINGHAM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE SLUMP IN VERSE.

BY BARRY PAIN.

It is all over now.

As I came down Fleet Street in the morning I was much struck by the satisfied, even delighted, expression on the faces of several editors of high-class publications. It made me suspicious at the time. I felt that something must be wrong. Outside the shop where they sell maps a hansom was standing with a portmanteau on the top, and forth from the shop to the hansom came that distinguished poet Charles Backyard. He was as pale as death; under his arm he carried a Baedeker, and his trembling fingers fumbled with a map of South Africa.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed.

"Off! Off!" he cried feverishly.

"Why? What's off?"

"Poetry's off. Everything's off. I'm off myself, before my creditors get to hear of it." He thrust into my hands a copy of the *Daily News* for Saturday, July 25. "Read it for yourself, and good-bye for ever."

Standing there on the pavement, I read the marked advertisement. It ran as follows—

AM willing to SUPPLY VERSE GRATIS to high-class Publication.—Box 156, Willing s, 125, Strand.

I believe I was correct in saying that it is all over now. Frankly, I do not see how the slump can go any further. It may be, of course, that some other poet, still more enterprising, will advertise that he gives away half a pound of tea with every sonnet, but I do not expect it. It seems to me that we are now on the bed-rock. Well might the editors of high-class publications smile. Well might Charles Backyard rush for the next train from Waterloo to South Africa. No attempt whatever has been made by the more important poets to support the market. Mr. Swinburne has inserted no notice in the daily press that his poems "always will lead in point of quality, and while this is maintained the price cannot be reduced." It is the slump irresistible, the slump inevitable, the slump all-conquering. The question remains—Can a man make a sufficient income by writing poetry, and then giving it away to high-class periodicals? If he has a large family to support, this seems impossible. Even a bachelor, practising the strictest economy, would find difficulties in it. It is better to face the situation as Backyard faced it. South Africa is a roomy place, and is said to possess residential advantages. Poets are recommended to try it. Or they may label their luggage "Nordpol," like the pigeons of the incurably facetious. But, unless they are wealthy, they cannot afford to remain here.

Could it have been foreseen? It seems so now. For a long time the wave of depreciation has been creeping on, engulfing one thing after another, slowly but remorselessly. We watched the dwindling of the mining share; we saw the downfall of the high-priced cycle; we heard that in Mincing Lane China tea had been sold for fourpence a pound. We might have guessed that poetry would be the next to go; but we did not. The blow is sudden. It hurts. It stuns. That is to say, it hurts and stuns if you are in the habit of writing poetry yourself.

If you are not in the habit of writing poetry yourself, that poet's advertisement is not unmixed grief. Poetry is so beautiful, so sincere, that to connect it with a commercial transaction is positively repulsive to any man who does not happen to be a poet himself. Poems are the wild-flowers of the soul, to be plucked without charge by all, or, at any rate, by all the editors of high-class periodicals. To pay for a poem is to reduce it to a common or Covent Garden level. Pay for prose, if you like, and as much as you like, or even more. There is no incongruity in a man writing a light article and subsequently selling it by weight. But those who have the great gift of poesy should scorn to take money for it. Besides, if all verse were supplied gratis, it is obvious that there would be so much more to spend on prose.

So, when this man tells us that he will part with his verses for nothing, we feel at once, instinctively, that he knows precisely what they are worth. Editors (of high-class publications) may take these verses, or, on the other hand, they may refuse them—there is a deal of blindness among editors. But it is not for us to interfere or to attempt to suggest any remedy which would lead to further production of verse of the same level. Bounty-fed poetry would never do.

It cannot be, of course, that the advertiser offers his verse gratis for the same reason that some others in search of employment offer their services free for the first six months. It cannot be, and yet these editors certainly smiled—a cynical race, I am afraid.

TO A BEAUTY WHO FEARED DEATH.

Fair one, let not the thought of Death alarm
Thy heart. Time with slow creeping hours
Is thy dread foe. Relentless, he devours
By sure degrees each now alluring charm,
Rose bloom and lustrous eye and rounded arm.
He will have all at last, for he deflowers
The fairest things that grow in Earth's fair bowers.
Time is thine enemy, he will destroy
Each grace of form that now feeds man's desire.
He will extinguish all the youthful fire
Within thee, chill emotion, deaden joy,
Till Death in pity in the night shall thrust
What Time would sport with till it fell to dust.

BEATRICE J. PRALL.

MR. HALL CAINE'S "CHRISTIAN."

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

As, with brain in a whirl, and a great gasping sigh, as of a swimmer who has been battling with deep waters, one lays down "*The Christian*" after a first reading—for a self-respecting reviewer abstains from making the acquaintance, in serial form, of a work which he may afterwards be called upon to notice—one's first thought is "What a stir this story will make!" No single review has appeared as I write, but whatever the ultimate verdict may be, of one thing every reviewer, friendly or unfriendly, is certain, and that is that "*The Christian*" is a work which will create such a storm of discussion as has greeted few books of modern times. There will not be wanting readers who will protest that, in view of the sequel, the very title is an outrage; some will pronounce it hurried, hysterical, overcrowded, and confused, while hosts of admiring and enthusiastic readers will hail it as a work of pure and commanding genius. That it has been written at white heat and under tremendous pressure is certain. The tension is absolutely painful at times. It quivers and palpitates with passion, for even Mr. Caine's bitterest detractors cannot deny that he is the possessor of that rarest of all gifts, genius. It is perhaps this very quality of genius which is the secret alike of his strength and of his shortcomings. It is easy to keep the sluggish stream of mediocrity within recognised limits between two banks, and to order and mark out the channel it shall pursue through the valley. But when the surging torrent of genius hurls itself from the mountain heights, then are barriers overborne and landmarks swept away.

The present writer has no desire to cross swords with the critics who contend—as some, in all probability, will contend—that Mr. Caine's book does violence to the accepted canons, or that it has errors of judgment or of taste. But that it is a book which is the outcome of a relentless and pursuing hatred of self-righteousness, hypocrisy, shams, and whitened sepulchres of every sort, that it has been written in passionate earnestness, with hot tears in the eyes and red heart-blood firing the brain, that it is a book which no hand but Mr. Hall Caine's could have penned, may be maintained against all comers. To criticise it by the nice rules of conventional literary art would be like complaining that the warning shriek of the approaching steam-engine offended one's musical ear.

The story itself is told partly in narrative form, partly by means of letters from Glory Quayle, the heroine—letters every one of which is a delight—quaint, sly, madcap letters, bubbling with fun, and yet so natural, so pregnant with personality, that one finds it hard to believe that it is to the novelist's art, and not to some real, living, breathing Glory, that we owe them.

More conscientious work than is to be found in "*The Christian*" has never been put before the public. What was once said of Sir Walter Raleigh, "He can toil terribly," may with equal justice be said of Mr. Hall Caine. If anything, he errs on the side of over-elaboration, over-detail. The canvas is sometimes too crowded, the scenes in East London and West London are sometimes too swiftly changing, too kaleidoscopic, so that when we put down the book our recollection is like that of some quickly passing pageant.

As for the story—well, the story is pure psychology. To ask that his immense audience should give its whole attention to a drama which is being carried on, not upon a crowded stage with all the numerous accessories which serve to keep the eye of an audience from wandering, the attention of an audience from flagging, but upon the struggle which takes place in the narrow limits of two human hearts, is greatly daring on the part of Mr. Caine. To succeed in such a task and to hold his audience spell-bound, amounts in itself to genius. Yet that is what Mr. Caine has done, for the story of "*The Christian*" is nothing more or less than the story of the duel between the flesh and the spirit which takes place in the souls of John Storm and Glory Quayle.

To tell crudely what Mr. Caine has so subtly worked out would be as unjust to him as to the reader. It is not the province of the reviewer to give his readers an outline of the novel he is reviewing, so that indolent folk may talk about and profess knowledge of a book they have not read; and in the case of so strenuous, so tremendous a piece of work as "*The Christian*," this iniquitous and dishonest way of reviewing a book becomes doubly dishonest. But one may assure those who love such work as "*The Scarlet Letter*," or "*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*," that here is a book that will compel their attention. It is not, like Stevenson's daring book, a story of dual personality, for there seem to be half-a-dozen John Storms, and as many or more Glory Quayles. As one reads the novel one thinks of Heinrich Heine crying out amid the smoke of the war which waged between Heaven and Hell for the possession of his own strange soul: "I am a Jew, I am a Christian; I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one; a Greek, a Hebrew; an admirer of despotism as incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of Communism embodied in Proudhon; a Latin, a Teuton; a beast, a devil, a god!"

Too much praise cannot be given to the "Temple Classics," which Mr. Israel Gollancz is editing for Messrs. Dent, who know so well how to make a book beautiful. The series is cheap, handy, sufficing, and unpretentious. Recent additions include Carlyle's French Revolution, in three volumes—the most beautiful edition extant. Boswell's Johnson (in six volumes) is in process of issue, and Chapman's Odyssey (in two volumes) has just been published. There is no preface or extraneous matter. The editor has even refrained from quoting Keats's sonnet.

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M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.

SUMMER TRAIN, &c., SERVICES from ST. PANCRAS.

PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, &c.

LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	noon	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night
5 15	10 5	10 35	12 0	12 10	12 25	2 0	2 10	4 0	5 0	9 15	12 0	
Matlock Bath arr.	8 38	1 34	...	4 2	...	5 13	6 23	7 29	8F28	...	3 56	
BUXTON ...	9 35	2 22	...	4 10	...	5 50	...	8 20	9 20	
Ashbourne ...	10 30	3 25	...	6 2	6 42	...	8C34	
Liverpool ...	10 50	3 40	...	5 20	7 15	...	9 40	10 20	4 55	5 55	E	
Southport ...	11 55	4 20	...	6 0	...	8 5	...	10 15	11 29	...	8D32	
Blackpool ...	11 25	4 55	...	6B5	...	8 40	...	11 36	8D25	

A—Arrive 3.45 p.m. on Wednesdays and Saturdays. B—Arrives Blackpool (Central) at 6.50, and Talbot Road at 7.50 p.m. on Saturdays. C—Arrives 8.54 p.m. on Saturdays. D—Sundays excepted. E—Arrives at 11.55 p.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. F—This time applies to Matlock Bridge Station.

YORKSHIRE WATERING-PLACES, LAKE DISTRICT, &c.

LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night
5 15	9 0	10 30	10 35	12 25	2 10	3 0	4 0	5 40	10 0	12 0		
Ilkley ...	2 20	...	4 0	5 40	7 25	...	11 55	...	7 55			
Harrogate... ...	11 29	3 26	...	4 25	5 53	8 11	8 40	10 53	12 0	5D50	7 55	
Ingleton ...	1 5	4F30	5 30	7G15	8E5	8D20	
Morecambe ...	1 15	4 5	4 45	...	7 36	8 35	8 52	
Grange ...	1 3	4 13	5 18	...	7 36	8 18	7 30	...	9 33	
Wadernere ...	1 40	...	5 5	...	8 32	8A20	...	11 0		
Barrow-in-Furness ...	1 45	4 47	5 12	...	8 10	...	10 30	...	5 30	...	10 50	
Belfast	10 50	6 0	
	O				B							

A—These times will not apply after Sept. 18. B—Via the English Lake District and Barrow. On certain dates (for which see special notices) the steamer arrives at Belfast later. C—Via Stranraer and Larne. D—Sundays excepted. E—Tuesdays and Thursdays excepted. F—Until Sept. 11 only. G—Arrives Ingliston 8.5 p.m. on Fridays. † Ramsden Dock Station.

For the Train Service to SCOTLAND see other announcements.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

At the Princes Pier, Greenock, trains run alongside the steamers, so that passengers from London and all parts of the Midland Railway System can conveniently join the steamers for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. THROUGH CARRIAGE from London (St. Pancras) to Greenock at 10 p.m.

DAYLIGHT SERVICE TO ROTHESEY, via Greenock (Princes Pier).

A Daylight Service throughout will be given during August, leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Greenock at 8.7 p.m., in connection with the G. and S.W. Railway Company's Steamer reaching Rothesay at 9.45 p.m.

TRAVELLING ACCOMMODATION, &c.

First and Third Class Dining-Carrriages by the Morning and Afternoon Express Trains between London (St. Pancras) and Glasgow (St. Enoch), serving Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, and other towns.

Dining-Car accommodation is provided on the trains leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.35 a.m. for Edinburgh, and Edinburgh (Waverley) at 10.5 a.m. for London (St. Pancras).

New Luxurious Dining-Saloons are now run on the London and Manchester fast Expresses. Luncheon and Dining-Cars by other Express Trains from and to London (St. Pancras).

Sleeping-Cars are run from London (St. Pancras) to Edinburgh at 9.15 p.m., and to Glasgow at 10 p.m., also from Edinburgh at 9.50 and Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 9.15 p.m. to London (St. Pancras).

Family-Saloons, Invalid-Carrriages, Engaged Compartments, &c., arranged on application.

Pillows and Rugs may be hired by Travellers in the Night Mail and Express Trains from London (St. Pancras) at a prepaid charge of 6d. each.

WHERE TO GO AND STAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Illustrated Guide and List of Furnished Lodgings in Farmhouses, Country Districts, &c., (by post 2d.); "The Peak of Derbyshire" (by post 4d.); "Pocket Guide to the Midland Railway" (price 6d.); "Pocket Diary and Guide to the Isle of Man and English Lake District" (price 2d., by post 3d.). These Guides, as well as Time-Tables, Tourist Programmes, and other publications, may be had on application.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

Derby, August 1897.

GREAT NORTHERN AND NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAYS.

EVERY SATURDAY DURING AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER,
EXCURSION TICKETS to the EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 DAYS,
WILL BE ISSUED FROM LONDON
AS UNDER—

KING'S CROSS	dep.	a.m. A	a.m. B
Moorgate Street		8 45	10 25
Finsbury Park	"	8 21	10 10

A—To Saltburn, Redcar, Seaton Carew, Tynemouth, Whitley, and Cullercoats. B—To Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Robin Hood's Bay, and Whitby.

TO

STATIONS.	RETURN TIMES.	FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY.
BRIDLINGTON (via Selby and Enthorpe)	...	Third Class.
FILEY ...	11 43	a.m. s. d.
SCARBOROUGH ...	10 49	17 6
ROBIN HOOD'S BAY ...	10 45	20 0
WHITEY ...	9 27	
SALTBURN ...	9 55	20 6
REDCAR ...	10 8	
SEATON CAREW ...	10 18	21 0
TYNEMOUTH ...	10 16	
WHITEY ...	8 57	
CULLERCOATS ...	8 48	24 0
	8 51	

The Tickets will be available for return on the following Monday or Saturday, Monday week or Saturday week, or Monday fortnight.

CHEAP TOURIST and WEEK-END TICKETS are also issued to the above-mentioned places from King's Cross.

The Excursion and Week-End Tickets will not be available at intermediate stations.

August 1897.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, G.N.R.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, N.E.R.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."

LORD MACAULAY.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengariff, Caragh Lake for Glenvar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR

affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for ONE HUNDRED MILES

around the South Kerry Peninsula.

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast.

For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.W. Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to

London Office, 2, Charing Cross.

R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager,
Kingsbridge, Dublin.

THE SKETCH.

G R E A T W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y.

CHANNEL ISLANDS, via WEYMOUTH.

NEW DAYLIGHT SERVICE.

QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE.

SHORTEST SEA-PASSAGE.

TWO EXPRESS SERVICES DAILY.

WEYMOUTH to GUERNSEY in about 3½ hours.

GUERNSEY to JERSEY in about 1½ hours.

DAY SERVICE (Sundays excepted).—PADDINGTON, depart 8.50 a.m., GUERNSEY, arrive 5 p.m., JERSEY, arrive 7 p.m.

NIGHT SERVICE (Sundays excepted).—PADDINGTON, depart 9.45 p.m., GUERNSEY, arrive 6.45 a.m., JERSEY, arrive 9 a.m.

CHEAP TICKETS EVERY SATURDAY for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

RETURN FARE (Third Class and After Cabin), 24s. 6d.

ACCELERATED and IMPROVED SERVICE

of

EXPRESS TRAINS

to the

HEALTH and PLEASURE RESORTS

in the

WEST of ENGLAND

and to

NORTH and SOUTH WALES.

For full particulars see Time-tables and Notices. J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y C O M P A N Y (I R E L A N D).

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE between

NORTH OF IRELAND and ENGLAND via KINGSTOWN,

And EXPRESS ROUTE via NORTH WALL.

Direct Service of Trains and Steamers with every comfort and convenience. Special Messenger in charge of Luggage between London and Kingstown.

FAS EST AND MOST DIRECT SERVICE between

Ireland and Scotland, via BELFAST and MAIL SERVICE TWICE EVERY EVENING,

via ARDROSSAN and via GREENOCK.

Tourists' TICKETS are issued at Dublin, Londonderry, Belfast, and the principal Great Northern Stations.

CIRCULAR TOURS have also been arranged, embracing all places of most interest in the country, and giving a succession of picturesque scenery, and the finest shooting and fishing in Ireland.

To obtain the Company's Time Tables, Illustrated Guides and Programmes, and full information as to the fares, routes, excursion arrangements, &c., apply to the Superintendent of the Line, Amiens Street Terminus, Dublin.

HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

Dublin, 1897.

S H O R T E S T S E A R O U T E T O I R E L A N D , V I A S T R A N R A E R and LARNE.

Open Sea Passage 80 minutes; Port to Port 2 hours. Two Sailings each way daily (Sundays excepted).

B E L F A S T A N D N O R T H E R N C O U N T I E S R A I L W A Y .

Excursions to Portrush, Giant's Causeway, Glenariff, Whitehead (for Cliff Walks at Blackhead), and Larne. Circular Tours round Antrim Coast.

N O R T H E R N C O U N T I E S R A I L W A Y H O T E L , P O R T R U S H . Beautifully situated; Magnificent Sea and Coast Views. Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths; Golf Links; Musical Promenades. Terms on application to G. O. B. Hamilton, Hotel Manager, Portrush.

For full information apply at IRISH RAILWAYS OFFICE, 2, CHALING CROSS, LONDON, or to EDWARD J. COTTON, General Manager, Northern Counties Railway, Belfast.

Q U I C K C H E A P R O U T E to D E N M A R K , S W E D E N , a n d N O R W A Y , via Harwich and Esbjerg.—The steamers of the UNITED STEAMSHIP COMPANY of COPENHAGEN sail from HARWICH (Parkstone Quay) for ESBJERG every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 7.15 p.m., returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9.5 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 8s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the new s.s. N. J. Fjord and the s.s. Koldinghus. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegne, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London, or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

B R U S S E L S EXHIBITION.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

First 38s. 6d.; Second, 23s. 6d.; Third, 20s. The Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday), Switzerland, &c., via Harwich-Antwerp, every week-day, also Sundays, to Sept. 12.

HARWICH-HOOK of HOLLAND route to the CONTINENT, daily (Sundays included), by the G.E.R. Company's twin-screw s.s. Cheapest Route to Germany and quickest to Holland.

NEW TWIN-SCREW S.S. "DRESDEN" now on the service.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining-car from York, via March, HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's fast passenger steamers "Peregrine" and "Seamev." Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read "Walks in Belgium, with Brussels Exhibition," fully illustrated, price 6s., post 8d. Particulars at the G.E.R. Company's American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

S U M M E R T O U R S I N S C O T L A N D .

THE ROYAL ROUTE.

"COLUMBA," "IONA," &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.

Official Guide 6d. and 1s. Tourist Programme post free from

DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, GLASGOW.

T H E N E W P A L A C E S T E A M E R S , L I M I T

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG
and MONTE CRISTO.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Doors open at 7.45.

A LHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, GRAND NATIONAL BALLET, VICTORIA AND MERRIE ENGLAND, and THE TZIGANE
Exceptional Variety Programme.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Box Office (10 to 6) is now transferred to the Charing Cross Road.
ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION, Earl's Court, London, S.W.

Director-General: IMRE KIRALFY.

Open Daily 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.

60 Years of Her Majesty's Reign. 60 Years of British Art.

Including Exhibits graciously lent by Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G.

60 Years of British Drama. 60 Years of British Music.

60 Years of British Women's Work. 60 Years of British Commerce.

60 Years of British Science. 60 Years of British Sport.

Picturesque England. The Coronation Fair of 1838.

Grenadier Guards Band. Dan Godfrey's Band. Exhibition Orchestral Band. On wet days the bands will play in the Empress Theatre, the promenade being free to visitors.

GIGANTIC WHEEL RUNNING DAILY.

Two Woodley-Tyred ORMONDE BICYCLES Given Weekly.

PANORAMA OF ROME. LORD GEORGE SANGER'S ROYAL JUBILEE CIRCUS.
THE OLD RICHARDSON'S SHOW. JEWELL'S FAMOUS MARIONETTE THEATRE.
Pantomograph. Rifle Gallery. Electrophone. Belvedere Tower and Switchback.

Open Daily 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

YACHTING AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

During this week (by permission of the Commandant Royal Engineer Establishment, Chatham), the STRING BAND of the ROYAL ENGINEERS, from 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m., and from 8.15 p.m. to 10.45 p.m. Conductor, Herr J. SOMMER.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.—EAST GARDEN PAVILION.

LUNCHEONS from 1.0; Dinners from 6.30 p.m. Orders to General Superintendent, Catering Syndicate. Telephone No. 8623, Kensington Exchange.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.—Communication by Covered Way with the South Kensington Station subway.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING, from 1 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Reserved Seats in Pavilion and on Terrace at half-price until Close of Season.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR EXCURSION PARTIES.

Wednesdays (Fellows' Day) by Ticket only, to be obtained from Fellows, 1s. 6d. each.

Colonial Galleries Open Free to the Public Daily from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS. (Within an hour of London.)

WELLINGTON HOTEL, MOUNT EPHRAIM.—Unsurpassed for position, climate, and scenery. Every modern convenience. Suites of rooms. High-class cooking. Fine cellar. Apply for Tariff. Manager and Manageress, Mr. and Mrs. Boston.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA, the English Trouville.—**THE SACKVILLE**, the only hotel on De La Warr Estate (East Front), adjoining Kursaal. Cycling Boulevard and Golf Links.

Wurm's White Viennese Band daily. Highest class Hotel without extravagant charges. Tariff on application to Manager.

HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary, their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and £15 15s. (Lady's). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SPA, BELGIUM (12 Hours from London).—SUMMER SEASON.
An Ideal Health and Pleasure resort.

Casino. Racing. Theatre. Pigeon-Shooting. Concerts. *Bataille des Fleurs*. Magnificent Hotels with Moderate Tariffs. Finest Iron Baths in Europe. Certain Cure for Anaemia and Weakness. Resident English Physician. For details apply to JULES CLEHAY, Secretary, Casino, Spa.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—GREAT IRISH HORSE SHOW,
AUGUST 24, 25, 26, 27, 1897,
Ballsbridge, Dublin. The Largest Show of Hunters in the World.

Trotting, Driving, and Jumping Competitions. Programme on application, Leinster House, Dublin. RICHARD JELLOSS, Registrar.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, PADDINGTON, W.

The WINTER SESSION begins on Oct. 1, with an Introductory Address at 4 p.m. by Dr. GOW. The ANNUAL DINNER will be held in the evening, at the KING'S HALL, HOLBORN RESTAURANT, Mr. A. J. PEPPER, F.R.C.S., in the Ch. Ir.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

One of £144, Two of £78 15s., One of £52 10s., Two of £57 15s. (these two open to Students from Oxford and Cambridge) will be awarded by Examination on Sept. 22 and 23.

There are sixteen Resident Appointments in the Hospital open to Students without expense. The School provides complete preparation for the Higher Examinations and Degrees of the Universities. Special attention is directed to the fact that the authorities of the Medical School have for the first time thrown open all the Special Classes for the Higher Examination free to Students. There will in future be complete courses of Special Tuition for the Intermediate and Final M.B. Examinations of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London.

The RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE is at present at 33 and 35, Westbourne Terrace, W. Terms may be had on application to the Warden, Mr. H. S. Collier.

NEW OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT.

The New Out-Patients' Department, which will cover an area of over 20,000 superficial square feet, is to be ready by Sept. 15. It occupies the entire ground floor of the new CLARENCE WING, which, when completed, will also provide additional wards and a Residential College for Medical Officers and Students.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

A fresh Laboratory, fitted with electric light and all modern improvements for the study of Biology, Pathology, and Bacteriology, has been added this year.

The whole of the buildings hitherto used for the Out-Patients' Department of the Hospital has been apportioned to the Medical School for the purposes of new Laboratories, Class Rooms, and a new Museum. There will be a complete reorganisation of the Pathological Department, with provision of extensive new Laboratories for Pathology and Bacteriology, and an improved Museum for Pathological specimens, with a special Anatomical Department.

For Prospectus apply to Mr. F. H. MADDEN, School Secretary.

G. P. FIELD, Dean.
A. P. LUFT, M.D., Sub-Dean.

The LIST OF APPLICATIONS CLOSES on or before THURSDAY, August 12, at 4 p.m. for Town and Country.

As it may be impossible to forward Application Forms to all intending subscribers, application may therefore be sent BY LETTER, accompanied by cheque, for the payment of the deposit, on the understanding that the formal Application Form will be signed subsequently.

STEINWAY AND SONS, LIMITED, Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862-1893.

Messrs. STEINWAY and SONS, Pianoforte Manufacturers, London, Hamburg, and New York, have supplied pianofortes to Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany, His Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia, His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, His Majesty the King of Saxony, His Majesty the King of Italy, Her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of China, His Imperial Majesty the Mikado of Japan.

Capital £1,250,000, divided into 75,000 Fives per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each, and 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each.

No Debentures can be issued under the Articles of Association.

The Preference Shares will be entitled out of the profits to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 5 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly on the 1st days of February and August in each year, and will rank in respect of Capital in priority to the Ordinary Shares. The first dividend will be calculated from the payment of the instalments on both the Ordinary and Preference Shares.

Present Issue of 70,000 5 per Cent. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £10 each, and of 91,120 ORDINARY SHARES of £5 each.

PREFERENCE SHARES.—£1 per Share on Application, £4 on Allotment, £5 on Sept. 15, 1897. ORDINARY SHARES.—10s. per Share on Application, £2 on Allotment, £2 10s. on Sept. 15, 1897.

Applications for a considerable number of Shares have already been received.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the Corporate Stock of Steinway and Sons, the well-known Pianoforte Manufacturers, whose business is the largest of its kind in the world, and is carried on in London, Hamburg, and New York, and who are a Corporation registered in accordance with the laws of the State of New York.

The formation of the Company at the present time is rendered expedient in consequence of the death, in November last, of Mr. William Steinway, the largest of the Stockholders of Steinway and Sons, who was one of the original proprietors, and, with the late Mr. Theodor Steinway, owned three-fifths of the entire Stock.

Messrs. Steinway and Sons' Balance Sheet of Dec. 31, 1896, shows among the principal Assets, Stock of Pianos finished and unfinished £137,151, Stock of Timber and materials £127,173, and Book Debts £37,780. The other tangible assets are leaseholds and stock in London and Hamburg, machinery and plant, fixtures, utensils, horses and vans, bills, securities, and cash.

Messrs. G. N. READ, SON, and CO., Chartered Accountants, of 49, Queen Victoria Street, London, after complete investigation, certify the profits of the business as follows—

"	For the year ending 31st December 1886	\$460,957 at \$4.85	£95,042
"	1887	449,294	92,638
"	1888	429,475	88,551
"	1889	454,253	93,660
"	1890	460,015	91,848
"	1891	529,997	109,277
"	1892	413,982	85,357
"	1893	344,674	71,066
"	1894	349,971	72,158
"	1895	413,394	87,297
"	1896	295,520	60,932

" Making total profits for the eleven years of £950,826

" Or an average for the eleven years of £86,439 per annum.

(Signed) G. N. READ, SON, and CO."

It is a matter of general knowledge that in America last year dividends were greatly reduced or altogether lost, and the Vendors are so satisfied that the reduction in the American profits of 1896 was entirely due to the financial depression caused by the crisis on the Silver Question that they have agreed to deposit £100,000 in the hands of Independent Trustees to be invested in British Government Securities for three years and made available in case the profits for that period should in any one year be insufficient to pay 8 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares. The Vendors are absolutely confident that recourse to such fund will not be necessary.

Upon the total authorised Capital of £1,200,000 the amount required to provide annual dividends at the under-mentioned rates will be as follows:—

5 per cent. on £750,000 Preference Shares	£37,500
8 "	on £500,000 Ordinary Shares 40,000

£77,500

The price to be paid by the Company has been fixed by the Vendors at £1,050,603, out of which they will pay all expenses, whether of registration, promotion, or otherwise, up to and including the first allotment of shares, and the difference between this amount and the total Share Capital now offered to the public will, when paid up, provide an addition of £75,000 to the present Working Capital.

No portion of the pre-ent issues has been or will be underwritten.

No material change is contemplated in the management of the business, and the principal Directors and Managers have agreed to act as Directors of the new Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company or of their Bankers, Brokers, and Auditors.

London, E.C., Aug. 7, 1897.

PUBLISHED ON THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH.

THE ANTI - PHILISTINE.

All London is laughing over the little ironies of this brilliant literary magazine.

VANITY FAIR says: "It looks as if it would give us a new sensation." An Irish Reviewer says: "The young lions of the Anti-Philistine have claws, and evidently know how to use them."

The Contents of the INITIAL NUMBER include—

THE ATROCITIES OF MISS MARIE CORELLI.
THE PROSE BEAUTIES OF CLEMENT SCOTT.
AT JOYNER'S BEND. By OPIE READ, Author of "A Kentucky Colonel."
THE AMERICAN HEIRESS. By EDGAR SALTUS.
WHY EDINBURGH PEOPLE DISLIKED ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
THE BLESSEDNESS OF PETTICOATS; or, MR. LE GALLIENNE'S "GIRL."

The Contents of the ANTI-PHILISTINE for July 15 include—
THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE HARLOT.

THE DOG AND THE MAN. By STANLEY WATERLOO, Author of "A Man and a Woman."

A MAN AND A WOMAN. A Critique by GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

SLOPS: Being a Critical Review of Three New Books.

FAUSTINE. By EDGAR SALTUS.

SOME IRISH VERMIN. An Announcement.

EXETER HALL v. THE ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.

The ANTI-PHILISTINE will be sent Post Free to any Address in the World on receipt of 7s. 6d. There is no more acceptable present to send to some book-loving friend abroad than the ANTI-PHILISTINE for a year.

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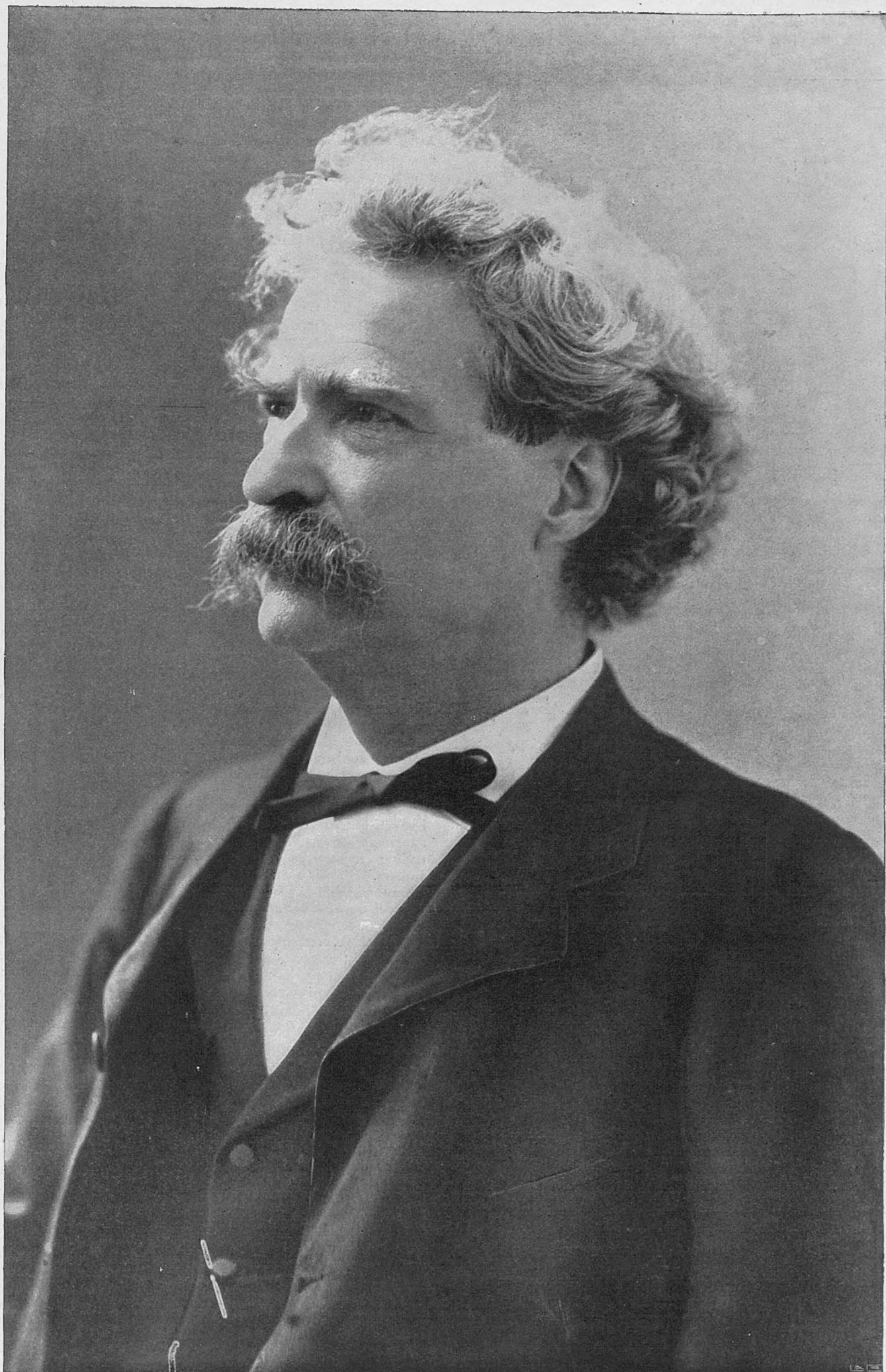
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AUG. 11, 1897

THE SKETCH.

81



MARK TWAIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER-STREET, N.W.

The Nilgiri Volunteer Rifles (Madras Presidency) believe that they possess the oldest non-commissioned officer in the Queen's active service. This is Quartermaster-Sergeant John Barnard, who received his first step of promotion in June 1845, or over fifty-two years ago, and who has held the rank of Quartermaster-Sergeant in the Regulars and Volunteers for the last thirty-three years. He helped to ring a peal of bells in one of the Gloucester churches on the Queen's elevation to the throne, and in 1845 he joined the 3rd Light Dragoons (now the 3rd Hussars) and went out to India almost immediately, going through the whole of the Sikh and the Punjab Wars, 1845-46 and 1848-49, and receiving medals for both campaigns. In those wars Mr. Barnard was present at the following engagements—Aliwal, January 1846; Sobraon, February 1846; Ramnuggar, November 1848; Passage of the Chenab, December 1848; Sadoolapore, December 1848; Chillianwallah, January 1849, and Goojerat, February 1849. In addition to the honours for these campaigns, he was presented with the medal and annuity for meritorious service. He is now seventy-six years of age, but any stranger would put him down for no more than fifty-six, as he is still quite hale and active, and appears to have many years of good work breaking in a young horse, he met with rather a bad accident, which has taken some of the spring out of him, and left him with a slight limp; but previous to that he thought nothing of walks that would certainly tire out many a young man of twenty-five. When over seventy, he, to the writer's own knowledge, set off one early morning and walked to a place twenty-five miles distant, over hilly country, after reaching which he rested for an hour and a half, and then set off and completed the return journey, thus doing fifty miles on foot in almost record time. Leaving his pension out of the question, he is quite able and willing to earn his living. I hope the old warrior has still some years of useful work to put in.

Here is a specimen of the extraordinary geological formations of rock found at Kettle Point, Lake Huron, Ontario, about forty miles west of the city of Stratford. Sir William Logan has described them thus—

Here, in a low cliff on the west side of the cape, is a section of between twelve and fourteen feet of very fissile black bituminous shales, weathering to a leaden grey and often stained brown by oxide of iron. A yellow, earthy coating of oxalate of iron is sometimes found in the surfaces of the shales, which also contain nodules and crystals of iron pyrites, besides peculiar spheroidal concretions whose fancied resemblance to inverted kettles has probably given its name to the Point. They vary in size from three inches to as many feet in diameter, and are sometimes nearly spherical, and at others somewhat flattened, generally so on the under-side. Occasionally a smaller spheroidal is implanted on the top of a larger one. These concretions are readily broken, and are then seen to be composed of brown crystalline carbonate of lime, which is confusedly aggregated in the centre and sometimes contains blende. Around this are arranged slender prismatic crystals, which extend from the nucleus to the circumference, the whole having a radiated columnar structure, which, not less than the terminations of the prisms at the surface of the spheroidal masses, gives them very much the aspect of fossil corals.

There seems to be a tremendous competition going on between the various London daily papers just now. The other day the *Daily Chronicle* took occasion to attack the literary qualities of the Society article in the *Daily Mail*. That article, nevertheless, is one of the very best features of a very successful paper. It is written by Mrs. Williamson,



QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT BARNARD.

Photo by the Wellington Photo Company.

who was for many years the principal Society gossip for the *World*. Her daily column in the *Mail* is not likely to be viewed with satisfaction by the leading Society journals which are published weekly, but the business of the *Daily Chronicle*, it seems to me, is to give its readers something better, and not to poke fun at a rival.

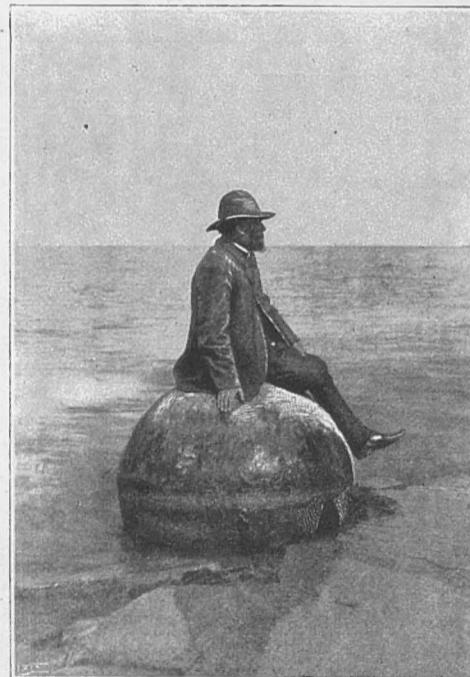
The question of the circulation of the daily papers is attracting considerable speculation. The *Daily Mail* claims a circulation of three hundred thousand, and boasts that its sale is restricted only by its inability to produce sufficient copies. Its proprietors confidently predict that, when their new premises are ready and their machines all laid down, they will be able to dispose of a million copies daily. Meanwhile, I do not see any evidence that the circulation of the *Daily Mail* is affecting the other newspapers. It is, apparently, bought as a second paper by a large number of newspaper purchasers, and it is also largely bought by women who hitherto have never purchased a daily paper at all, and who find attraction in its magazine feature and in its *feuilleton*. Dr. Robertson Nicoll gives a curious calculation in the last issue of the *British Weekly*. He states that at his railway station the other day thirty-six copies of the *Daily Mail* were taken against thirteen of the *Telegraph*, the other London papers being represented by a single figure each. Dr. Nicoll, however, resides at Hampstead, and his experience would not be that of a resident in another part of London. In Kensington, for example, I am sure that the *Standard* would have the predominant sale among the penny papers, and in the South-East and North-East of London the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Daily News* would come best to the front. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Standard* have, I imagine, by far the best sale of any of the London papers outside the London radius.

Ibsen is a man of very methodical habits. Every afternoon, after his three o'clock dinner, he can be seen walking down the University Street in Christiania to the hotel where he invariably takes his coffee and reads the papers. The accompanying snapshot shows the doctor on his way to the café. He always wears a great-coat and top-hat and goloshes.

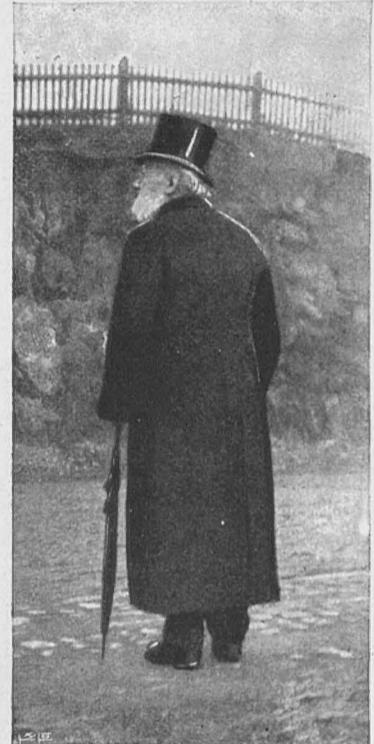
Even in this age of scepticism the man who starts a new religion is always certain to obtain a respectful hearing from a certain number of his fellow-creatures. Omaha is being shaken to its foundations by a singular sect, lately founded by a man and a woman about whom little is known, but who already boast of an imposing band of converts, calling themselves the "Holy Rollers." Their methods do not seem to widely differ from ordinary revivalists. Eastman, their leader, who is generally styled "father" by his flock, commenced operations by distributing a good deal of religious literature illustrated with rough woodcuts of hell, and at the meetings held by him all the scenes which usually take place at the great American revival meetings occurred. He is a great believer in direct inspiration. Indeed, the "Holy Rollers" are apparently a more vulgar form of what is known as the Catholic Apostolic Church, founded by Mrs. Carlyle's first love, Edward Irving.

Mdlle. Guédon, who foretold the Bazar de la Charité catastrophe, owns up to having distributed five earthquakes that have come off, and has now forecast the downfall of M. Félix Faure, was put to a new use the other day. A lady had a Bretonne servant, and incidentally with her arrival her mistress lost a substantial sum of money. The mistress went to the Commissaire of Police, who, putting two and two together, sent for the girl. In reply to his inquiries, the girl affirmed that the supposition was painful and ridiculous. The Commissaire, in order to frighten her, and trading on her superstition, said that he would consult Mdlle. Guédon. She was kept in the *violon* for an hour, and then the Commissaire brought her out to tell her the story of the dream of the prophetess. She had, so he said, declared that the person who had received the money would die a violent death in a fortnight unless the stolen money was refunded. The trick of the Commissaire worked admirably, and within twenty-four hours the man who had lured her on was under lock and key, and the girl who had been exploited was allowed to go free on account of the generosity of her mistress.

I noticed an odd thing in Holborn the other morning. briskly careering Citywards, and taking scarcely more heed of the buses and other heavy traffic than though he were cycling, was a young fellow (a clerk, I presume) making his way along the crowded thoroughfare—on roller-skates! Sometimes, I should imagine, this method of locomotion might be inconvenient.



A CURIOUS STONE.
Photo by Maitland, Stratford, Ontario.



IBSEN.

I should not be surprised to hear that the fancy goods from Benin fetch fancy prices when Messrs. Hale, of Fenchurch Avenue, put them up to auction on Tuesday. There is a fascination about these relics of an almost unknown country that will add greatly to their intrinsic value. Leopards in metal, with curious work suggestive of primitive Damascene manipulation, one or two idols also in metal, a bell used to warn the common herd that the King was in the neighbourhood and it behaved all men to abase themselves—such are the reliques that Messrs. Hale are about to sell, and, in addition thereto, three or four rooms-full of enormous tusks carved all over with skill and uniformity. When I saw the tusks I felt sure that they belonged to the era of the Mastodon, the Peleosaurus, and other ancient wild-fowl; but I was promptly assured that the modern wild elephant does not hesitate to wear such huge additions to his normal weight.

Some of these ivory treasures weigh as much as a hundred and fifty pounds, and rejoice in a vicious curve and tapering point highly suggestive of danger to those who meet one of the native wearers in aggressive mood. However, the wily men of Benin have been too much for the guileless

elephants, Great Britain has been too much for Benin, and now the trophies that delighted the untaught African mind are awaiting their fate parcelled and numbered in a broker's office. *Sic transit elephantis gloria.* Why do the foreign nations strive together in far-off lands, and risk life and limb in securing the spoils of war or chase? Sooner or later, on some pretext or other, comes the missionary with his Bible and the trader with his rum, and, though the merry natives reject the Bible, eat the trader and the missionary, and wash them down with the rum, "the thin red line" is never far away, and we read that the natives' stronghold was captured after a short, sharp fight, and that civilisation is in full progress. Let the natives take heed even in parts of the world remote, and when they read their *Sketch* let them desist from the acquisition of goodly things. For, as the Psalmist remarked, riches acquire wings, and, when all is said and done, the ultimate path of the trophy leads but to the—auction-room. The King's own treasures, his bell, his idols, the ivory of his successful and richest adventurer — some Barnato or Beit of Benin—all are fallen from their high estate, and must pass into private collections until Great Britain falls, like Rome, into the hands of Vandal, Goth, and Hun, and the curiosities take a fresh lease of life in other quarters.

The Serpent of the Sea is upon us. He came towards the land insidiously, and I detected

him upon reading last Wednesday's *Daily Telegraph*. Therein I learned that, somewhere in Lincolnshire, an enterprising hen had been sitting upon fifteen double-yolked eggs, and had produced twenty-nine chickens. The hen was surprised; so was I, although I know something of these chickens. They will be fed upon giant gooseberries until they are fat and big, their mother's pride and astonishment will still remain a touching sight, and then, *horribile dictu*, a strange thing will happen. The giant Sea Serpent will be roused from his submarine depths; he will come up from the German Ocean and over the Lincolnshire Fens. He will devour the twenty-nine chickens raised from fifteen eggs and fed on giant gooseberries. After a moderate interval for digestion, he will swim slowly round the British Isles, anxiously looking out for more phenomena. Not until paterfamilias is returned from Continent and sea-shore, not until the Law Courts reopen and autumn drama tints with lurid colour the atmosphere of Old Drury, will the monster disappear. The depths will cover him once more, and he will roam through the drear region of oblivion until August comes round again, Parliament is prorogued, Law Courts are shut, theatres are closed, and the head of Peterborough Court begins to wonder about the age of Love and what to do with his boys. Then the dread monster will appear once more, for he consciously supplies a long-felt want—in Fleet Street.

I have a suggestion to make now that a long, loyal season has departed from life, leaving its votaries eye, ear, and mind sore. Let some enterprising person or paper offer adequate reward for a new National Anthem, and some Parliamentarian bring a measure for its permanent acceptance by the nation before the House. Slowly but surely the hurdy-gurdy music of the well-meaning but dull composition from which we now suffer is wearing out strong constitutions. Most bandmasters are bald before their time; people who always stay to the end of performances are being driven to Republicanism or drink. Other nations laugh at us, and with fiendish glee, for they well know that such a National Anthem as ours puts a premium on disloyalty. Above all other considerations, it must be acknowledged that the present version has served its time, and, although we are not very rich in English composers, there are several natives who could write better music with their left hand. I do not attempt to deny that this great year has been productive of good in many ways and to many people. Why not, now the excitement has died away, do some great deed that shall mark the era with an indelible sign of progress? And, granting that I argue from reasonable premises, what nobler deed could be accomplished than the release of a long-suffering yet loyal public from as bad a form of National Anthem as imagination can conceive? No other country would accept such music as a gift, and the words are not poetry. Our own Poet Laureate could have written them.

I have been interested to read of a French lawsuit in which three members of the literary staff of *L'Intransigeant*, who had been connected with that paper as long as ten or fifteen years, have been awarded substantial damages for having been dismissed summarily, capriciously, and without due cause being assigned, by the manager of Henri Rochefort's organ. The terms of the judgment, carefully drawn up, plainly hinted at malice having caused the discharge of these unoffending journalists.

I hear that the escapades of Clara Ward, ex-Princess Chimay, have not caused the slightest strain between herself and her family.



THE KING OF BENIN'S SCEPTRE.



CARVED TUSKS FROM BENIN.

Much comment has been heard as to the ultimate destination of the late Barney Barnato's ponderous mansion in Park Lane. There were rumours that Mr. Alfred de Rothschild would buy it to pull down, because he regards it as an eyesore, and had to interfere with the building to save the view from his White Drawing-room, which looks on to



MR. BARNATO'S HOUSE IN PARK LANE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

the Park from the back of Seymour Place. Then Mr. Ernest Hooley, who is credited with buying everything and everybody, was said to have concluded a private deal. However, these were no more true than most rumours, and I now hear on excellent authority that Sir Edward Sassoon has sold the late Sir Albert Sassoon's house in Kensington for twenty-five thousand pounds and purchased Barnato House for one hundred thousand.

Barney carried out his own ideas of comfort when building the home that he was never destined to occupy. The freehold site was purchased by him at a cost of fifty thousand pounds, and, with shrewd good sense, he elected to make himself and his own family more comfortable than were to be his guests. His own rooms and the nurseries were placed on the second floor, the spare bedrooms were relegated to the third, while the great reception-rooms were on the first floor, and lifts—an increasing danger to modern millionaire life—were conspicuous by their absence. It will be interesting to see the modifications made in his acquisition by Sir Edward Sassoon.

Sir Edward, who is about five-and-thirty years of age, is a prominent member of the Spanish and Portuguese Jewish community of London, and is rich beyond the dreams of avarice, a manifold millionaire who will, by reason of his birth and education, be able to fill the new house with a very different company from that which would have clustered round poor Barney had he been spared for the reward of his work. It would have been amusing if he could have been prevailed upon to give evidence as to the Jameson Raid before the Select Committee: Barney had such an opinion of the Raid and the Raiders as a man may be

expected to have when his losses from the proceeding run well into seven figures. And there were times when, with no diplomatic reason for silence existing, the dead man could speak with a fluency and candour that made the people he attacked very uncomfortable.

Theatrical advertisements are often most curious reading, and here is one, for instance, that would puzzle anybody save an expert. It relates to "a first-class suspension, all complete," which is for disposal, and also to "four large oyster-shells, weighing half a ton."

It is now twenty-five years since Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick's pretty daughter became the bride of Mr. Cornwallis West. At that time she was the daintiest, the prettiest, yet withal the wildest, creature who ever bewildered a great many admirers by native Irish charm of appearance and manner and bright mother-wit. Very slim and small, with lissom figure, her hair was dark, with gleams of brightness; and her eyes, deeply, mysteriously dark as they were, could flash like fire or be of melting beauty. She was as brilliant to look at as she was to listen to, and wherever she was there was always a crowd collected together. One of her admirers compared her to a dragon-fly, because of her elusive, dazzling brightness, and the late Mr. Abraham Hayward, who had seen all that there was of brilliancy and beauty in his time, wrote to her as the representative of Erin—

Flowers and verses again! but don't start
With a frown or a pout at the sight;
Let me humbly contribute my part,
And aid in thy triumph to-night.

For though envy itself should disarm
And in praise of thy beauty agree,
On none will thy fulness of charm
Ever flash as it flashed upon me.

It was Mrs. Cornwallis West, or rather, her enthusiastic public, who started the idea of professional beauty, and at one time all the world knew her by name and sight. She is well known still, and you may hear of her entertaining the German Emperor on her yacht, and English royalty at Ruthin Castle, or singing "The Wearin' of the Green" as she alone can sing it, for Mr. Gladstone's own and private delectation. Wherever she is, at Ruthin Castle, at Newlands Manor—which is now settled on herself, and which is a delightful place, with a view of the sea, and a fresh-water lake and one of the most charming rose-gardens in the prettily planned grounds—at Llanarvon Tower, where they go for the grouse-shooting, or on their yacht, she always has gaiety around her. Her house-parties are very successful, and she herself is popular not only in her own immediate circle of acquaintances and friends, but all about the different parts of England, Ireland, and Wales, where she alternately lives and is so well beloved. In the zenith of her beauty a photograph was taken of her—the best photograph she ever had and best-remembered—in white-fox furs, with the then fashionable pork-pie hat. When you look at her photograph the twenty-five years seem a myth, and you can scarcely realise that she is celebrating now her silver wedding. Mr. Cornwallis West is J.P. for Hants and Denbighshire, as well as Lord-Lieutenant and M.P., and also one of the best-looking as well as most popular of men.



MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST'S ROSE GARDEN, NEWLANDS MANOR.

Photo by Lewis Brothers, Lymington.

I looked in again at the Philatelic Exhibition before it closed, paying particular attention to the collection of postal curiosities lent by the Duke of Norfolk, who is, by the way, one of the patrons of the Philatelic Society. Is it not worth the journey to Piccadilly to see an envelope addressed to "Mrs. Queen, Buckingham Palace, to be taken care of"? Much more puzzling is the missive to "Mr. Apleby, Dogstar." The Postmaster found a nearer destination for it at Doncaster. The same keen scrutiny resolves "Iobin" into "High Holborn," and "Hailaman" into "Isle of Man." One envelope bears a photograph of the late Mr. Sala and the solitary word "England." One thing struck me, as it always does—why is it that the most insignificant countries have the gaudiest stamps? British and United States stamps are, for the most part, plain; but Peru is picturesque, and Nicaragua gives you a landscape which is itself worth the money. Even the British Colonies, especially the smaller ones, seem to be more favoured in this respect than the Mother Country. The art of stamp-designing has vastly improved of recent years, but many of the earlier European stamps are nightmares. China, however, seems always to have done the thing well. Cabul has evidently modelled its stamp on the European post-mark, from which it is hardly distinguishable. Japan is well up to date in her stamps. They are things of beauty, even if they are too recent to be joys to the philatelist in the sense in which the "Post Office" Mauritius is a rapture. The emblems on the stamps are of some interest. On most of those within the Empire the Queen's head looms large—sometimes in flattering likeness, sometimes in very much the reverse. The enemies of Mr. Rhodes may find it a suspicious symptom that her Majesty is absent from the stamps of British South Africa. From a cursory examination of a huge collection of American stamps, it would seem to be a mistake for a Republic to immortalise the visages of its successive Presidents in this fashion.

The *Empress Queen*, the new steamer built by the Fairfield Engineering and Shipbuilding Company, Govan, for the Isle of Man



THE LARGEST PADDLE-STEAMER AFLOAT.

Steam-Packet Company, has been, during the past week, making trial-runs down the Firth of Clyde. The *Empress Queen* is the largest paddle-steamer afloat, being in length 375 ft., and 83 ft. 6 in. in breadth. The engines are 10,000 horse-power. The speed attained in some of the trial-runs was over twenty-two knots an hour. The steamer is splendidly fitted up, and has all modern conveniences for the accommodation of passengers. Her route is to be between Liverpool and Douglas.

Apropos of your recent article on curious nesting-places (writes a correspondent), another instance has come under my notice. I was listening to the music of the Press Band in the Embankment Gardens the other day, and saw with amusement and surprise that some sparrows had made their nest in a sort of grating in the centre of the ceiling of the band-stand, from which some wisps of straw protruded. All the time the band was playing, and in spite of the crowd of listeners, the parent birds flew backward and forward, bringing food for their young, and seemed quite unconcerned. As the band has been performing there all the summer, the birds chose their nesting-place with full knowledge of what to expect. One would like to know what the fledglings think of it.

As in a recent number I blamed the Russian railway officials for drinking the contents of the keg of cognac sent by President Faure to a Muscovite General, it is but fair that I should record their innocence of the theft. It appears that the brandy trickled away through the keg springing a leak, and the railway company responsible offered to make the loss good. However, President Faure, on hearing of it, ordered another cask, strongly hooped and sound, to be forwarded, and this is now on its way under the care of a special messenger who is held responsible for its safe delivery.

An extraordinary rumour is being bruited abroad concerning the formation of a company to obtain a concession for a railway to run up Mount Sinai, and certain irreverent scoffers have already been fixing the sites for the stations. "Quousque tandem?" O company promoter!

The Midland Railway new dining-car express trains to Bristol and Bradford are very handsome. The third-class cars have interior fittings of richly coloured and figured mahogany. The seats are upholstered with figured crimson or blue moquette, and shaped so as to give



A MIDLAND RAILWAY DINING-CAR.

passengers not only a convenient seat while dining, but facility for a comfortable nap after dinner. The roof is panelled with Linerustica-Walton painted white. The two dining-saloons are connected by the "kitchen carriage," a vehicle containing a large kitchen, of adequate size to provide for the dining of fifteen first-class and forty-seven third-class passengers. This kitchen is fitted up with all modern appliances for the preserving and well-cooking of every kind of food required, and attached thereto are a conductor's pantry and stores. In the remainder of the new train the first- and third-class compartments are all constructed in the same superior style, decorated with photographs and mirrors. Ample lavatory accommodation is provided throughout the train.

Everyone knows that the Highlands of Scotland are the veritable stronghold of Sabbatarianism in its austerest character. There are not wanting indications, however, of a relaxing of the old rigidity. A Northern paper chronicles the circumstance that one Sunday recently six Invernessians ascended Cairngorm. When they reached the summit, at 8.30, they found a paper intimating that another party had been there at 6 a.m., and while at breakfast a third party of seventeen arrived at the summit. Later in the day, the Inverness party ascended Ben Macdhui, and found traces of three others in the shape of visiting-cards left in a black bottle. "Who would have thought," comments the journal, "that six Invernessians, belonging to the different churches in the community, would have so far forgotten themselves as to forget the church for a whole Sunday and go away tramping the hills instead?"

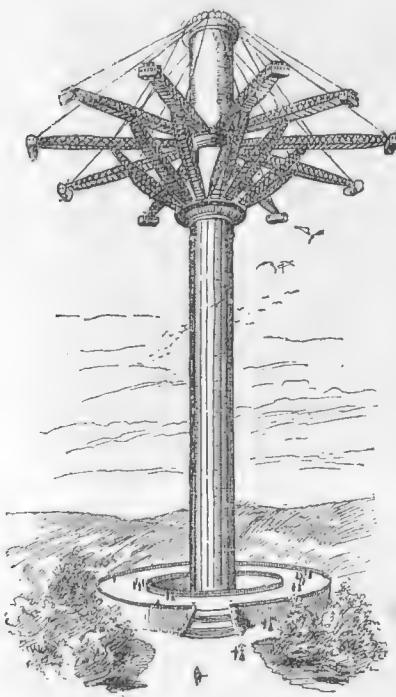
It is not likely that the Wagnerian on his way back from Bayreuth will touch at Bergamo to join in the centenary celebrations in memory of Donizetti, who was born in the Lombardian town just a hundred years ago. Donizetti has fallen out of the ranks. True, Madame Melba



THE CENTENARY OF DONIZETTI.

has revived "Lucia di Lammermoor," which he wrote in six weeks, and which took the Neapolitans by storm in 1836; and "La Favorita" is not forgotten; but his other operas are seldom heard in this country. But the student of music will hear a revival of the Donizetti cycle during this month at Bergamo.

Exhibitions give a fine chance to the ingenious inventor. Here are the two latest sensations of the kind. A young Washingtonian is offering to the promoters of the Paris Exhibition a design which is said to have all the features of the Ferris Wheel, with many more added, for this marvel will be a combination of the Great Wheel, of a toboggan-slide, and of a scenic railway, all rolled into one. Mr. Pattee, the inventor, has been at work on his idea for two years, and it is now perfect. Probably the nervous will not much enjoy that portion of the sensation which will send them at full speed through a dark tunnel, of which the mouths will be made to represent the opening jaws of dragons, the interior being intensely dark, with hundreds of little stars glimmering all about, while apparently the roofs and gables and many-lighted windows of a great city will be seen far down below, giving the travellers in the car the impression that they are speeding along in a twentieth-century air-ship!



LATEST FORM OF MERRY-GO-ROUND.
From the "New York Herald."

top, the latter will be able to look down to the flowing river beneath while they whirl round and round. The "stick" of the umbrella will be firmly anchored in a stone and concrete foundation thirty feet deep and seventy-five feet square. The spokes will be a hundred feet in length, and the motive-power will be supplied by a dynamo. Here, again, it will probably require a very Transatlantic longing for excitement to persuade the ordinary visitor to the Exhibition to trust himself to this strange invention.

There is a fine irony in the fact that, side by side with the Queen's Celebration, Mormonism has been holding its Jubilee in Salt Lake City. It will probably surprise most people to hear that sixty years ago the word Mormon was not invented, for it was not till ten years later that Brigham Young and the original band of Latter-Day Saints entered Salt Lake Valley. Among the Presidents of the Mormon Church still survives one of these pioneers, Wilford Woodruff, himself of American birth, but the enthusiastic friend and disciple of Prophet Joseph Smith. This Latter-Day Saint is now ninety years of age. He was a man of forty when he first arrived in Utah, and has assisted at all the many phases of the great polygamy question.

The first woman Senator in the United States is a fervent Mormon, and she has written some interesting reminiscences in honour of the Jubilee; but she admits what very few inhabitants of Salt Lake City are inclined to do—namely, that polygamy was more of a curse than a blessing. As an actual fact, Mormon women have now the fullest political privileges. Utah places men and women on a perfect equality; but whatever may be the sentiments of the now monogamous Saint, the strange religion founded by Brigham Young can celebrate its Jubilee with the pleasant conviction that it is more prosperous than ever.

A correspondent of the New York *Nation* gives a very interesting description of the Psychological Museum at Florence, a spot not familiar to British tourists. It forms part of the Anthropological Museum in the Instituto del Studii Superiori, and was established by Professor Paolo Mantegazza, whose intention it was to illustrate or symbolise human passions and sentiments. The exhibition comprises close on fifteen hundred objects, by far the greater part of the collection consisting of exhibits illustrative of religious sentiment, with a subdivision of superstition. The Professor, when making this extraordinary collection, disdained nothing which could assist him in his object. Thus there are rosaries, medals, and scapulars cheek by jowl with charms, amulets, and love-philters. The badge or ticket of "Bed No. 13" in a hospital at Florence, which a woman refused to occupy, is an interesting illustration of the unexpected way in which a familiar and venerable superstition may be applied to thoroughly modern conditions. Hair shirts and scourges, the latter consisting of a dozen or more small metal plates, not unlike the patent tag on a pay-ring, and arranged in the form of a triangle, are still, of course, in constant use in certain monasteries. Among the toys, the doll's-house familiar to the British child is replaced by a small wooden church, with altar and benches all complete. This should certainly interest students of what Max Müller has contemptuously termed "Nursery Psychology,"

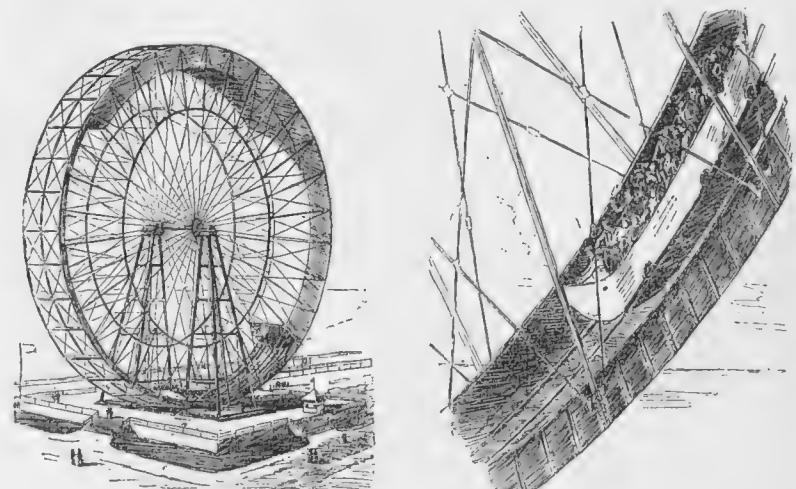
and this perhaps may be placed in the same category as the paper money devised by a certain Professor for the dissemination of useful knowledge, each coin, so to speak, being a separate booklet setting forth the elementary principles of some science. As may easily be imagined, the sentiment of "hero worship" attaches a value to strange things, but the collectors of this kind of relic may be recommended the perusal of Calverley's poem on the cherry-stones dropped by the Prince of Wales which some of his future loyal subjects eagerly gathered off his plate after a feast was over.

One section of the collection which is well worthy of notice, notwithstanding the gruesomeness of its contents, is an array of bits of human skin, admirably mounted, tattooed in a great variety of patterns, and representing the customary dermal inscription both in savage and in civilised countries. Of course, tattooing is practised from a very great variety of motives, among which vanity plays a very prominent part. To the ordinary sightseer the museum may prove of no interest, but to some among us its contents *donnent à réfléchir*.

The snapshot showing "How Holbeach Celebrated the Record Reign," in my issue of July 21, has drawn forth a letter from the Chairman of the Urban District Council. He says—

Your informant, I fear, had a spice of malice in his composition, as he was not only guilty of a *suppressio veri*, but may be charged with the graver offence of *suggestio falsi*, as he evidently intended to convey the impression that a moderate display of bunting and illuminations exhausted the loyalty of Holbeach. He also throws in a gratuitous charge of rowdyism, for which he must have drawn largely on his imagination, for not a single case arising out of the day's proceedings was brought under the notice of the magistrates. In justice to loyal Holbeach, I must ask you to insert a short account of what was really done. Nearly all the farmers in the parish treated the men in their employ, together with their wives and children, to a substantial dinner or tea, followed by other amusements; one gentleman distributed meat and other good things to upwards of two hundred people, another provided a dinner for all the men employed on the roads, and several other festivities were indulged in, including a bonfire and fireworks. Within a few days the fire brigade and police constables of the district were entertained at dinner, and about eight hundred old people and children were regaled with a very bountiful tea, which was thoroughly appreciated. So much for the feasting portion of the celebrations. And now a word or two about the more permanent features of the Commemoration. The north porch of our grand old parish church is being restored at a cost of something like three hundred pounds, we are also building a new public hall costing about eight hundred pounds, a goodly number of trees have been planted, and other works undertaken to celebrate this eventful epoch. I contend that Holbeach will compare favourably with any other town of its size in the kingdom for genuine manifestations of loyalty.

Mr. Kinnear, of Edinburgh, supplies us with some further reminiscences relating to authors and printers. When Sir Archibald Alison's history originally appeared, as many as three editions would, he mentions, be running in the Blackwoods' printing-office at the same time. The historian always seemed to prefer blue letter-paper on which to write. "He always kept the manuscript of the work he had in hand on his parlour table, so when a pause occurred down he sat and wrote until something else called him away." Mr. Kinnear recalls the curious blunder which occurred in Sir Archibald's description of the Duke of Wellington's funeral. "Sir Peregrine Pickle, Bart.," was mentioned as one of the pall-bearers. Letters appeared in the *Athenaeum* inquiring how the title of one of Smollett's novels had crept into the account of so solemn a transaction. Sir Archibald Alison had, of course, intended to write "Sir Peregrine Maitland," and, when it was discovered that he had actually written "Pickle" in his manuscript, he roundly abused the printer, who, he maintained, should have known better than to "follow copy" in that particular instance. Mr. Kinnear on one occasion had an



A GREAT-WHEEL TOBOGGAN-SLIDE.
From the "New York Herald."

interview with Captain Speke, whom he describes as a little, fair man, who had to hold his proofs very close to his eyes. While resting in the open air in East Africa an insect had entered his ear, the gallant Captain related, causing suppuration, which afterwards affected his eyesight. While Captain Speke's book was in progress Blackwoods' compositors had a meeting with the distinguished traveller, "during which he received such a 'jerry' as made him turn pale, the din was so tremendous."



MISS KATE WORTH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Let the humorist rejoice; he has been put upon a scientific basis! Professor Sully, discoursing in the *National Review*, tabulates the "uses of humour." As a rule, professors do not shine in this department. They go off into disquisitions on the difference between humour and wit, a threadbare subject, barren of instruction and amusement. You see the learned man handling a joke as if it were a fossil (which, sad to say, it often is), and gravely assigning it to its proper period in the development of man. Now Professor Sully shows you that, if conduct, as Matthew Arnold said, is three-fourths of life, then humour is at least two-thirds of conduct. I will not commit myself to the exact proportions; but they belong to the atmosphere of science with which the Professor envelops the theme. So the humorist may uplift his head, and smile compassionately on the solemn folk who say, "A joke's very well in season, but we can't always be grinning through a horse-collar!" Bless their simple hearts, they don't know that the gravity on which they pride themselves is often the life and soul of the comedy! While they are staring at one aspect of a thing, and thinking it desperately serious, the humorist sees all the "facets," as Professor Sully says, and finds them, on the whole, an entertaining spectacle.

Observe how this relieves him, by scientific acknowledgment, from the reproach of flightiness. He does not grin through a horse-collar; he simply has a wider vision than his neighbours. To have an approximate idea of the true measurement of things is to be spared much disappointment, and to perceive humorous consolation even in many sorrows. Once realise that you are not the pivot of the universe, once profit by the example of the cock, of which Mrs. Poyser remarked that he seemed to think the world got up to hear him crow, and much diversion in your own affairs, together with a great deal more in other people's, will cheer your daily way. Take the theological chanticleer, who thinks that his rasping voice proclaims the courses of divinity. He will tell you there is only one fundamental issue in life; it lies between what he supposes to be religion and some monstrous phantom which he calls "Belial." Or take the lady who is dreadfully upset just now because her favourite haunted house has been derided, and even the psychical researchers have formally ignored it. She has been "an intensely vivid visualiser" from early childhood; she knows better than to ascribe ghostly footsteps to rats and cats; and yet, when "a journalist" spends forty-eight hours in her haunted house, all her beloved phenomena are denied to her. The ghosts refuse to walk while that wicked newspaper-man is under the roof! Considering that journalists multiply disgracefully year by year, and that the number of haunted houses remains painfully limited, there is a horrid prospect for the "intensely vivid visualiser" that she may have nowhere to lay her dear delirious head without the chilling intrusion of the scribbling sceptic!

Well, being on a scientific basis, the humorist ought to have a label by which all men may know him. There ought to be some impress of his mind on his outer man; and yet it is notorious that, as often as not, you cannot tell him from a politician or a photographer. This troubles me, because that keen observer, Dr. Louis Robinson, says you can classify faces according to trades. For instance, a gentleman engaged in the meat industry no sooner crosses your vision than you murmur "Butcher" quite spontaneously. Indeed, so contagious is the badge of meat that the clerks in a telegraph office near a provision market have caught the tribal likeness of their customers. A mahogany counter and a brass rail separate them from the telegraphing butchers; moreover, they are on the other side of "a yawning social gulf"; for are they not Civil Servants educated by influences remote from the exterior contact of mutton? Still, the provision market has them in its clutch, and has moulded them according to its image and superscription. Think of what they have endured in the process! Day by day they have looked in the mirror and seen the likeness of the meat traffic growing visibly. The telegraph clerk goes home to the wife of his bosom, probably a lady of spiritual refinement, and she sees this semblance of the butcher gradually blotting out that intellectual aspect which first won her maiden fancy. Don't you observe the spectre of domestic unhappiness (in a blue apron) hovering over that devoted household?

Bethink you of the various trades which stick a scientific index on their practitioners. Have you considered the chemist's assistant—how a furtive expression overspreads his manly countenance, as if the habit of compounding a drug, which is worth fourpence, and selling it to you for

half-a-crown, were setting its moral stamp on his features? Then the watchmaker's eye, that wondrous eye which inspects the interior of your watch through a microscope, and discovers an invisible obstruction, which makes it imperative that you should leave the watch to be cleaned for the modest charge of five shillings! I well remember my first watchmaker. I was very young; I wanted to buy a love-token; in his window was a lady's gold watch, of fascinating design, for the small—at that epoch the surprisingly small—sum of three pound ten. Timidly I entered the shop, and inspected this masterpiece of a beautiful craft, with many blushes, while he explained its charms in technical language, abstruse but subjugating. I bought it; but, as I took up the dainty parcel and reverently slipped it into my pocket, his face was lighted by a gleam of unholy cynicism that struck a chill to my heart. That gold watch never told the time, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on its deceitful works. The man's face was a dial that expressed years of questionable commerce and a withering contempt for my youthful confidence.

These cases, I admit, lack scientific certainty; and I hesitate to throw in the money-order clerk, who, when gentlemen are sending remittances to aged maiden aunts in the country, wears a professional and secretive grin, as who should say, "Ah! my young friends, I know what this means; you can't deceive me!" This is no parallel to the strange metamorphosis of the telegraph clerks by the society of butchers over the mahogany counter and the brass rail. And yet why should this mysterious potency be confined to meat? Mr. Frederick Greenwood tells us there are two kinds of statesmen—the honest man, who outwits fraud by fraud for the sake of his country, and the "Machiavellian egotist," who is steeped in chicanery for the sake of his party. Why cannot we distinguish the upright statesman, who has told a diplomatic lie to cheat the designing foreigner, by some physical attribute which shall divide him from the "egotist" who lies to keep his party in office, or to oust his opponents? Some tangible distinction of this sort would greatly simplify the issues of bye-elections. Portraits of political leaders, circulated through the constituencies, would teach the patriotic elector how to vote, and save all the expense of canvassing. Madame Tussaud's would render great service, for the wax model of the disinterested liar would put the model of the party liar completely out of countenance.

Unfortunately, Mr. Greenwood does not take into account the possibility that the Machiavellian statesman and the "Machiavellian egotist" may be one and the same person. He may appreciate the sweetness and decorum of lying for one's country, and yet have no scruple about telling a taradiddle to advance his party interests. Here is a complication which might baffle the expressive eloquence of meat. Does the contiguity of that provision market to the telegraph office enable Dr. Robinson to tell from the faces of the clerks whether they associate chiefly with English beef or with its American rival? Such a distinction would scarcely be subtler than the shade which separates the politician who offends the moral code to save the State from the man who plays tortuous tricks that his particular faction may reap advantage. However, it needs some courage to proclaim to this conscientious generation that the principles of the wicked Machiavelli cannot be discarded by statecraft. The world was mildly shocked when Bismarck confessed that he had persuaded the old Emperor William to consent to the falsification of a despatch, and so precipitate the war of 1870. The dodge which made for the unity of Germany did not make for the righteousness that exalteth a nation. In private life it would have led to a prosecution for forgery and the social damnation of the forger. In political life it led to a great military triumph, and crowned the most illustrious reputation in modern statesmanship.

These moral privileges of politics and war are claimed by finance. Has not an admirer of Mr. Barnato told us what a glorious achievement it is to manipulate the Stock Exchange after the fashion of that great adventurer? "If you see a man is going to hit you, hit him first. Don't be so weak as to say that, if he hits you, you'll hit him back." This profound philosophy, which Bismarck applied so successfully to rival statesmen, Barnato practised in his dealings with financiers. Bismarckism and Barnatoism flourished on a scientific basis; but one professor is spending the remnant of his old age in compulsory retirement without the consolations of humour; and the other was literally bothered to death by his millions, leaving no monument to his country but a piece of grotesque architecture in Park Lane. The scientific humorist may reflect with complacency on these prodigies, for he is restrained by temperament from unwholesome extremes, and finds nothing so diverting as his own shortcomings.



GILBERT JAMES '97

THE STORY OF BHANAVAR. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (No. 7.)

THE HEADS OF RUARK AND BHANAVAR.

Surely, within an hour from the flight of the Serpents, the slaves and soldiers of Mashallud laid at his feet two heads that were the heads of Ruark and Bhanavar; and they said, "O great King, we tracked them to her chamber, and through to a passage and a vault hung with black, and we slew them there, clasping each other, O King of the Age!"

A DAY WITH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

"Come this evening, at half-past four, and the President will see you," said his Secretary, Mr. Porter, "and if you want to see a few occasional visitors" (with mild sarcasm) "remain now." The ante-room of the President is thronged with people, every one of whom has a want, and their requests embrace a thousand-and-one matters which have no relation to places in the Government's employ. If offices were the only things sought, the problem would be comparatively easy. As it is, the business quarters of the White House for many hours every day present to the observing eye a kaleidoscopic picture, ever changing, with new forms and faces going and coming—sometimes offering elements of the ludicrous, but more often suggesting the tragic.

You would go far to find such an assemblage of hopes doomed to disappointment as are gathered in the ante-room of the President. Who, for example, is that sad-faced woman who sits patiently waiting? Furrows made by tears are on her cheeks. Once, perhaps, she was young and pretty; but her husband died, and her son, her idol and hope, went wrong. He took to evil courses, and finally he killed a man in a bar-room brawl. The jury called it murder, and the slayer was condemned to be hanged. The Governor of the State refused a pardon, and now the mother's only hope is that she may gain a propitiatory word from the kind-hearted President.

By her side, his hat clasped nervously between his knees, is a wizened man, on whose face the word "crank" is written as plainly as if in printed letters. Beneath his chair he has a perpetual-motion machine, which the Patent Office has refused to consider. All he needs is a written line from Mr. McKinley to make him a millionaire. In strong contrast with him is a gentleman of distinguished appearance, who wears an aspect of some disdain and unmistakable disgust. He is really a very important citizen from a distant Commonwealth, and has waited for three hours because his name is unknown to the subordinates who guard the Executive door.

More resigned is the expression of another individual just opposite. Somehow he has failed to secure the recognition for which he has been striving. Every day for many weeks he has been waiting for a chance to pay homage to the President's Secretary, but only once has he seen the President, and then he was non-committal. At the beginning a place at four thousand dollars or so was what he looked for, but now he would be glad to get anything at sixty dollars a-month. Sickening with hope deferred, he has moved meanwhile from a first-class hotel into a boarding-house, and lately he has been subsisting, to some extent, on free lunches.

The door of the Secretary's room opens, and out pops a man with an extremely cheerful expression of countenance. He glances around upon the melancholy-looking assemblage with a half-pitying gaze; then, putting on his hat with a jaunty air, strides through the crowd and disappears. It is evident that he is a successful applicant. There are some such, but they are rare. As a rule, the people who get offices are not those who come and whine for them on the Executive doorman. Nevertheless, it does happen now and then that by sheer force of cheek and persistence an individual will worry the President into throwing him a bone.

There is nothing more exasperating to the waiting than to see a person of no apparent consequence make his way to the Secretary's room and enter without a moment's delay, the portal being thrown wide open with a respectful bow by the coloured man in charge of that duty. This, presumably, is a Member of Congress, who has at all times the *entrée*. From the Secretary's room he passes directly and without formality into the immediate presence of the Chief Magistrate, who inclines his ear to what this important visitor may have to say, while others previously admitted step back and wait.

It should be understood that Mr. McKinley's ante-room is only a section of a wide hall-way at the east end of the Executive Mansion, on the second floor. It is cut off from the private living quarters of the President by a double door. On each side of this piece of hall-way are the office rooms of the White House—the Cabinet Room, Mr. McKinley's room, and the Secretary's room on the right as you enter, the telegraph-room and a room occupied by several clerks on the left. At every door stands a guard, so that nobody may intrude. The portal of Secretary Porter is tended by a coloured servitor named Simmons, who has done the same duty for years, and who knows everybody.

Simmons is a man worth being polite to. He admits people to the Secretary's room as his own judgment dictates. Persons sometimes venture to speak to him imperatively, but this is a mistake. Such individuals are apt to encounter the marble front; to speak plainly, Simmons passes them the ice-water pitcher. In other words, they find themselves on the outside. However, they may get a chance to speak to Mr. Porter. Simmons enjoys many advantages. Freed in 1861, he attracted the attention of President Lincoln, who gave him the place of Doorkeeper to his private office in the White House, and in this position he has continued through all succeeding Administrations. Recently he ventured to send his picture to Prince Bismarck, requesting a similar compliment with the latter's autograph, and, strange to say, the aged statesman granted his request.

A bustling man rises hastily and approaches Mr. Porter with a few rapid words of explanation and a neat package of papers, which probably are endorsements for an office. Mr. Porter pays not the slightest attention to him, but passes directly across the hall-way to where the sad-faced woman already mentioned is sitting. He speaks to her sympathetically, but her face falls as he explains that the President has no authority to pardon criminals convicted under State laws. She

answers eagerly that in this case a line of favourable recommendation on the subject, addressed to the Governor, will produce the pardon. Mr. Porter shakes his head dubiously, but promises to lay the matter before Mr. McKinley.

The eye of the Secretary suddenly falls upon the distinguished citizen from a distant Commonwealth, whom he recognises. "My dear General," he exclaims, "why didn't you walk right in?"—and the two disappear together, leaving a dozen unfortunate individuals who had been hoping to get the ear of the President's factotum if only for a moment. Instantly four reporters, who had been half-dozing at a table near the window, wake up, and one of them hastens to make inquiries as to the identity of the personage upon whom Mr. Porter has bestowed such exceptional attention. His name having been ascertained, the newspapermen wait until he comes out, and then intercept him on his way downstairs for information as to the purpose of his visit and the subject-matter of his conversation with the President.

Though the ante-room is so crowded there is no conversation worth mentioning. The people in it wear a uniform air of melancholy, as if they were attending a funeral. But of a sudden there is a sound of subdued chattering from the direction of the staircase, and in walks the vanguard of a regular procession of young ladies. They are pretty girls, nearly all of an age, and at their head is a grave-looking woman with spectacles. This is a boarding-school from Virginia, which had a special engagement with President McKinley granted in advance by telegraph. Think of having an engagement with an entire young ladies' boarding-school! But Mrs. McKinley has confidence in her husband.

To the disgust of the chronic "waits," the boarding-school obtains almost immediate admittance, filing two by two through the Secretary's office into the President's room. Mr. McKinley gives each of the girls a hand-shake, and they pass out through another door into the ante-room and towards the stairs. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that a Presidential hand-shake is now offered by companies organising "tours" as an incidental inducement with every trip to Washington.

It is noticeable that the various doors opening into the President's office are not locked, and often since the arrival of warm weather they are wide open, so that from the ante-room one may catch glimpses of the President at work. Of course, nobody would venture to intrude upon him without permission; but the circumstance is none the less striking as contrasted with the custom during the Cleveland régime, when the door opening into the ante-room was never unlocked, and an armed guard stood by the entrance to the Cabinet Room. At the period of the Coxey invasion two men armed to the teeth were constantly on the watch outside those doors. Apparently Mr. McKinley wants it to be understood that he does not suffer from chronic fear of assassination.

If there is a man in the United States as hard-worked as Mr. McKinley, it is Secretary Porter. Without taking as much pains to please the newspapermen, who have access at any time during the day, as did his predecessor, Mr. Thurber, he is much more successful in accomplishing that end. The tax on the good-humour of an official in his position is extraordinary.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

"THE A B C OF LITERATURE."

The "A B C of Literature" as reckoned by *New York Life* is funny. Here are some specimens—

- A is for Anthony Hope,
Who gives to his fancy free scope;
In turret and tower his characters cower,
Or make hairbreadth escapes by a rope.
- B is for bashful James Barrie,
From the land of the kilt and Glengarry;
We've read him to date, and his next we await,
For we wonder whom Tommy will marry.
- E is for George Egerton,
Whose *Keynotes* were rather good fun;
But her themes pathologic, and terms pedagogic,
Are things the Young Person shoul l shun.
- G is for Mr. Grant Allen,
Who pours out his views by the gallon;
His books are improper, but he's a Hill-Topper,
So he fears not the critic's sharp talon.
- L is for lean Andrew Lang,
Who recently saw, with a pang,
That a man up in Maine stole the work of his brain,
And he gave him a lengthy harangue.
- Q is for quick-witted "Q,"
At home on a staff or a crew;
With vigour and skill he handles a quill,
Or paddles his well-loved canoe.
- R is for Richard Le Gallienne,
Who really deserves a medallion
That his *Fancies* and *Quest* were never suppressed;
But they ought to be writ in Italian.
- T is for terse Thomas Hardy,
Whose works we with wonder regard. He
Has written for years, but it somehow appears
His moral convictions were tardy.
- W is Mrs. Ward,
By whom we are awfully bored;
"Robert Elsmere" we stood, and "Marcella" was good,
But when "Tressady" came we were floored.

AN IRISH COTTAGE.

Photographs by Welch, Belfast.

The interior of the ordinary Irish cabin is a strange sight to the unaccustomed eye. The fireplace, often the hearthstone, sometimes slightly raised in a rude grate, is the feature of the room. Around it centre the duties and pleasures of the home life. Built under a good chimney, and buttressed on each side with walls, it forms a cosy corner not to be despised when the rain drives continuously for days, as it often does in poor Ireland—the land of smiles and tears, the Niobe of the Nations. Turf is invariably burned in these cottages, and an excellent fire it makes, giving out a "comfortable" smell that is never derived from coal. A great overhanging crook is hinged into one of the side walls of the fireplace, and upon it the different cooking-vessels are suspended by hooks, either high up or low down as the cook requires. Early morning sees the big three-legged pot put over the *first* fire—that is, the fire stirred up and added to, for the fire is never allowed to go out; a big soddy turf put on at night keeps it in until the morning. In this pot the breakfast of porridge is made. Later on, the mother or sisters of the house make the bread on a round, flat iron pan called a griddle, which is seen in the illustration; upon this "soda"-bread is baked in round cakes cut into four quarters; oat-cake is also baked upon it, and afterwards set up on end before the fire to toast and finish. Along the crook

itself there is usually a motley collection of articles hung to dry, wet stockings and other wearing apparel, and, on the sea-coasts, there may be fish to dry. The floor is made of rough stones, and the furniture, though rude, is quite serviceable and even comfortable.



SPINNING-WHEEL WITH A CONNEMARA WOOL-WHEEL.



A MOUNTAIN FARM KITCHEN WITH A TURF-GRAVE.

OUR "DAILY NEWS" WAR CORRESPONDENT.

A CHAT WITH MR. FRANCIS SCUDAMORE.

I had the opportunity, the other day (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), of interviewing Mr. Francis Scudamore, the well-known correspondent of the *Daily News*, who had just returned from the Greek frontier, and who is now on his way to Egypt to join the Sirdar's forces in what may be called the fifth Soudan campaign.

"Your life, I suppose," said I, "has been pretty full of adventure?"

"It is the war correspondent's fate," he said, laughing, "and I began early enough. My first campaign was the Russo-Turkish War, when I was seventeen."

"What on earth could you do," I asked, astonished, "at such an age?"

"You see," he replied, "my father, who had been Secretary of the Post Office, was out in Constantinople at the time, reorganising the posts and telegraphs for the Turkish Government. The war broke out, and I just ordered my servants and horses out and took them up to the fighting; it was a sort of natural instinct, and I did it for amusement. At the time I had not started journalism professionally."

"And at what period of your childhood," I asked, "did you take that on?"

"Well, some time before I was twenty. As I speak Turkish quite fluently, when the Russo-Turkish War was over I went up into Eastern Roumelia, where I wrote a good deal, oddly enough, for the *Daily Chronicle* of those days. And then—well, then I started out upon my travels, and, among other experiences, I was out in Scio during the earthquake and had the peculiar pleasure of playing see-saw with invisible playmates for a fortnight or so. Then I got on to the Greek frontier during the Albanian troubles, and so, in the natural course of things, drifted to Egypt, was present at the Bombardment of Alexandria in 1881, and went through all that memorable campaign."

"You were writing all the time, I suppose?"

"Oh, of course—for the *Daily News*. When that campaign was over I went down to Fayoum to study Arabic, and from there travelled on to Damietta, where for the first time I encountered cholera face-to-face."

"Ah, that must have been an experience!"

"It was. The whole of the Nile in those parts was polluted with dead and diseased cattle. In those days before a Fellah could bury his dead beast he was compelled to pay a head-tax. The consequence was that the Fellah naturally left his beast unburied, with unspeakable results. At that time Damietta held about sixty thousand inhabitants—the rivalry of Port Said has cut that number woefully down since then—and we were dying merrily at the rate of fifty-eight deaths a-day, locked up with the cholera, and waiting to be taken or left. It was useless to funk; funk doesn't do an atom of good; but it wasn't pleasant."

"And then?" I asked.

"Well, then came Baker's expedition to the Soudan, and I was one of the five European survivors when the square was wiped out on Feb. 14, 1884. There were two thousand seven hundred men killed in that square. My life was saved by Major Maxwell, who, seeing me give my horse away, stopped, hooked me on somehow to his stirrup by the wrist, and so we literally flew for life. The night before, seventeen of us had dined together; thirteen of the diners were killed. I was writing then for the *Times*. The Gordon Relief Expedition came up next, and I started off with it; but Africa usually finds a man out some time or another, and it knocked me over this time with enteric fever. I was practically carried away from the expedition, and, after reaching home, I was shelved for two years."

"Then you had time for retrospection?" I interpolated. "On looking back, do you find that death becomes commonplace by this kind of familiarity?"

Mr. Scudamore hesitated a moment.

"In a sense it becomes commonplace," said he, "but chiefly after the event. No man, of this I am convinced, likes bullets, and there is not a man, however courageous, who has an altogether happy time of it the night before a battle. Indeed, the greater the familiarity the less

pleasant is that preliminary half-hour. Inexperience is a blessed shield; it is the rawest beginner who anticipates a battle most keenly."

"When you recovered," I asked, "how could you live? There was no war."

"I did the next best thing," he laughed; "I travelled, or rather, I wandered, about the East, through Turkey, Syria, and Morocco, till, three years ago, I found my opportunity."

"I remember your famous despatches on the Armenian massacres," I interposed.

"That was the opportunity. It was in vain that I petitioned for permission to go into Armenia. The Turkish authorities were deaf to all entreaties; but I reached Erzeroum, nevertheless," said he, and smiled cryptically.

"And how?" I inquired.

"Thereby hangs a tale," he said, "and I had, perhaps, better keep it to myself; but that journey to Erzeroum *via* Trebizond was about the stiffest I ever made. The weather was abominably cold, and for seven days we drove over hills that rose higher and higher, and ranged from seven to eleven thousand feet high. A sort of perpetual blizzard was my companion, and he took to me with singular kindness, for when I arrived at Erzeroum he had succeeded in swelling my face to about

three times its natural size. When I got there, however, I had come to stop; and during nine months, although two Prime Ministers were in that time requested to recall me, I sent over my most carefully tested accounts of the massacres. I think," he continued humorously, "that I was called 'liar' during that time with greater circumstance than has happened to most men; but the Blue Books confirmed me in every particular, and even went beyond my assertions."

"That was a brilliant success," I said. "And since then war has returned to you, and now, I suppose, you are happy?"

"It is the life that suits me best," said Mr. Scudamore. "When I had finished in Erzeroum I crawled over to Samarcand, and from thence to Constantinople, as the representative of the *Daily News*. Then came the Soudan and Dongola, then Crete, then the Greek frontier, where from Arta the fighting was pretty severe. The battalion I was with was practically expunged. Take an example. The major, in the pretty, complimentary way they have in those parts, was fixing a flower in my buttonhole—an orange-blossom. 'The thing is hopeless,' he said; 'we can only show them that we know how to die.' He stepped away a few yards, and a bullet knocked him dead, shot clean through the brain. And now," he continued, more gaily, as he rose from his seat and we stood together before parting, "I am off for the fifth Soudan expedition. If you want the finest

officers in the world, there is the place to find them; upon the conduct of the white men everything there depends, and everything is in perfect order. I have already ordered the greater part of my belongings off from Constantinople, and I meet them in Africa."

"A word before you go," I added. "What is your opinion of the Turk?"

"Under guidance he is a splendid fellow, loyal to the centre of his soul, and as honest as the day. Under guidance," he repeated meaningfully, "under guidance."

"I understand," I said, as we shook hands. "God-speed and good luck." And I last saw Mr. Scudamore, as I watched, hurrying down Fleet Street to purchase saddles and stirrups, and—for all I know—camels at Leadenhall Market. However, as I never heard of war correspondents doing that, my last conjecture may be wrong. But I think he went to buy saddles.

The judicious work of M. Henri Moser seems to have created a Bosnian fashion in Paris. Each season witnesses the production of one or more books of travel in Bosnia, and this season has been no exception. From the house of Berger-Levrault and Co., there comes a little volume by M. E. Meignen, entitled "Eight Days in Bosnia." M. Meignen has made the customary tour to Serajevo and Mostar, and has been taken to the mountains and seen the beauties of Jajee. He has come home, as many others, to declare that the new Switzerland is found. Be that as it may, his book is very entertaining, and the drawings by Mr. G. Scott are quite excellent.



MR. FRANCIS SCUDAMORE.

Photo by Heyman, Cairo.

A GENTLE GIANT.

In our province of Burma the Public Works, Commissariat, and Forest Departments are dependent on the elephant for a large amount of heavy



LIGHT REFRESHMENT.

labour. By this gentle giant's strength man is able to accomplish with ease that which would be almost impossible without him. Anyone who has seen these cleverly trained animals at work in the forests and timber-yards of Burma will at once realise their utility. Sometimes

are made with chalk, with which the mahout delights to decorate his pet. So much for the elephant tamed. In his wild state he is another creature. The most ticklish and difficult part of elephant-catching operations is to drive the herd into the kheddah prepared for its reception;



THE MORNING TOILET.

hence the catch which was made in the Mysore jungles a few weeks ago ranks as unique. A native public works officer, on the way to inspect a bridge in his district, passing near one of the permanent enclosures built for the purpose, saw a large herd of elephants feeding near the gate.



ROLLING A TENNIS-COURT.

harnessed to huge teak logs, they drag them wherever they are required; or a monstrous tusker may be seen trundling a log with his tusks and placing it in any position he is ordered as easily and with apparently as little exertion as a child would handle a tennis-ball. The illustrations



ROLLING A TENNIS-COURT.

Being alarmed, native-like, he fired his gun and shouted for all he was worth; the herd, equally alarmed, fled incontinently—into the kheddah, whose gate stood open! Whereupon the engineer recovered his wits and made his coolies lower the gate, capturing the lot. That various



THE ROLLER IN DIFFICULTIES.

are from snapshots of one of these useful creatures, with his mahout (driver), at work and at leisure. In one you see the mahout anointing the elephant's forehead with cocoanut-oil, which is supposed to keep the head cool when working in the hot sun. The white marks on the head



AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

delays gave the elephants time to break down the unguarded stockade, whereby the majority escaped, reducing the number actually secured to ten, does not affect the capture as perhaps the most remarkable in the annals of elephant-catching.

FREIBURG IN BREISGAU.

The sun is setting, and its last rays are lighting up the rich red stone of the cathedral spire, till it glows like fire and its delicate tracery looks like fairy-work against the pale blue and yellow of the twilight sky.

It is vesper-time, and the Münsterplatz is alive with peasant folk in the picturesque dresses of the Black Forest, who have come in to Freiburg for the market and have lingered on for a gossip with their friends in the town long after all their goods are sold. Most of the women wear the Alsace bow and many-coloured bodices and skirts, but here and there are more distinctive costumes. There are, for instance, the white straw hats, with black and red pompons, from the village of Gutach, and the short-waisted green bodices and black petticoats of Hornberg, with the quaint black caps fitting tightly to the head.

The men are mostly in long black coats, red waistcoats, and slouch hats, but there are a few high beaver caps to be seen, and some of the older men have on knee-breeches, with buckled shoes. Altogether,

The University has always been a very popular one, and has of late years earned for itself the reputation of being one of the best medical schools in Europe. It is always very well attended, especially during the Summer Semester, when many students come down from Berlin and other city universities. It is not to be wondered at that they prefer this beautiful South German town to the hot cities, and, as the term here counts in their year, they lose nothing by coming. Their life here is a very pleasant one. A little work, a good deal of beer and iced cups in the cafés of the town, and the country Wirthschafts, some fencing practice, and an occasional Mensur, varied by concerts, balls, theatricals, and any other amusements they may devise.

The 113th Regiment of the Line is quartered here, one of the old Baden regiments which did such good service in the great war. Opposite their barracks, at the top end of the Kaiserstrasse, is a very fine war monument—a statue of Victory, very well executed in bronze, surrounded by figures of soldiers of the 14th Army Corps.

It is a fine sight to see all the men who have ever served in the regiment turn out, some 5000 strong, on their regimental day—the



FREIBURG.

there is an old-time look about the crowd, which is enhanced by the mediaeval architecture of the houses round the square; and, as the rich notes of the cathedral organ reach us through the open door, and a great stork whirrs over our heads to its nest on the roof, our thoughts are, perchance, carried back to the fairy romances of Old Germany that we loved to hear in our childhood, and, with half-closed eyes, we dream again of the adventures of Hansel and Gretchen with the angels among the old church bells. But, as we turn down a narrow street into the Kaiserstrasse, our dream vanishes, and we are once again in the century of electricity and steam, for, with the exception of one or two old pumps, the main street of Freiburg is modern, and the busy crowd of shopkeepers, soldiers, and students soon dispels all thoughts of the past.

Freiburg is an old town, founded towards the close of the eleventh century by Berthold II., Duke of Zähringen, and it has seen many changes of Government. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it passed into the hands of the House of Hapsburg, and remained in its possession for about four hundred years. During this period the Cathedral was built and the University founded. The former is one of the most beautiful Gothic buildings in Europe, the tower being exceptionally graceful, and the decorative work of the principal portal a wonderful creation of the sculptor's art.

113^{er} Tag—to be reviewed by the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, who lives in Freiburg. As he walks slowly down the line with his staff, and stops from time to time to shake hands with a veteran of his father's army, the enthusiasm is so great in the ranks that many a strong man loses all control of himself and breaks into tears. They would leave their farms and their families to follow him wherever he chose to lead them, and if they were ordered out not a man among them would try to shirk service.

There is quite a large English and American colony in Freiburg, attracted, no doubt, by the wonderful educational advantages of the town. Last year a very pretty little English church was built under the shadow of the Bromberg, one of the many beautiful forest-covered hills which skirt the town, and there is a nice lawn-tennis club, the natural result of a British invasion.

I cannot finish this letter without a word or two about the country round Freiburg, although it would want a power of language vouchsafed to very few men to in any way do it justice. Imagine miles of undulating valleys carpeted with the greenest grass and brilliant flowers, bounded by vine-clad hills and mountains covered with black pine-forests, and perhaps you will be able to conjure up a scene which it is almost impossible to describe.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The strange picture reproduced herewith was purchased the other day by Mr. St. Martyn Kennard at Christie's. The legend on the picture, in Old English, leads one to conclude that it is a copy of a contemporary picture of the Christ. The original picture was sent by the Ottoman Emperor to Pope Innocent VIII, and it was considered to be worth a



A CURIOUS PICTURE.

king's ransom. The picture is painted on thick oak panel, which shows great age. The frame is of black oak, and equally ancient. Perhaps some reader may be able to furnish details concerning it.

The current issue of the *Art Journal* opens with a good reproduction of Mr. Briton Rivière's picture, "The King's Libation," following it up with Mr. J. M. Swan's studies at the "Zoo." The statues of Burns in different parts of the world are described and illustrated—a capital idea, and Mr. Claude Phillips, the newly appointed keeper of the Wallace Collection, describes the Longford Castle pictures. The collection is described at length in the current issue of the *Magazine of Art*, in which Mr. Spielmann discusses Mr. Dudley Hardy, viewing him as perhaps the "most versatile and the most receptive" of all our graphic humorists. Mr. F. S. Robinson describes the Queen's clocks. The second number of the *Dome* (which was issued at the Unicorn Press "xxvi Pater-Noster Square on Midsummer Day mdeccxevii") continues its claim to represent "all the arts" on a slender basis.

There is an interesting note on the woodcuts of Lucas Cranach, a German engraver of the fifteenth century. Mr. W. Nicholson, one of the Beggarstaff Brothers, has a woodcut of a fisherman. His portrait of Lord Roberts in the current issue of the *New Review* is a poor companion to his rare picture of the Queen. Another periodical of the same eccentric type, to which reference has already been made in these columns, is the *Quartier Latin*, compiled monthly in Paris, and printed and published by Messrs. Iliffe, of Ludgate Circus. With July it completed its twelfth number, which shows a great improvement on the first issue. But by far the best of all these art-eccentrics is *Jugend*, of Munich, which shows the perfection of lithographic work in colour. Every number has a note of out-of-the-way interest about it.

Among the other reviews dealing with art during the month of August the *Architectural Review* takes its customarily enterprising place. Well constructed—as surely an architectural paper should be—well printed, with illustrations beautifully reproduced, its articles are written brightly, crisply, and always from a standpoint of knowledge and of personal interest in the subject. There are papers upon the work of Sir Edward Poynter, on the Abbey Church of St. Savin, upon that curious subject—the effect of fire on architecture, on the design and designers of the Victorian reign, on a charming old eighteenth-century York House at Micklegate, and on a variety of little subjects treated in the prettiest minor way by a series of excellent writers.

Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson, who writes about the decorative side of Sir Edward Poynter's art, has scarcely so interesting a subject as recent

writers have had who have dealt with the decorative work of Lord Leighton and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, for it cannot be denied that, after the superb examples which we have had of the preparatory labours of these great artists, the specimens given of the present President's work do fall a trifle flat. The best reproduction is, doubtless, the decoration for the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, "Group of Three Angels Singing." Here there is great dignity, solidity, and power combined, and the freedom of movement in the group makes with singular felicity and even subtlety for beauty of composition. On the other hand, the study for "Fortitude" strikes one as exceedingly flat, and even weak, despite its kind of Albrecht-Dürer-like statement of accessories. The article which is written around these reproductions is in the strictest good taste, and contains a vast amount of new information put together interestingly and with a sense of proportion.

One must not omit to mention, in discussing this particular review, a paragraph, signed "E. W." on the subject of "The Open Hearth," which, under the present circumstances of a strong revival in the interests of domestic decoration, has considerable importance. This is, in other words, a warning against the threatened resurrection of the marble mantelpiece, "that contemporary of the Brussels carpet and the mahogany wardrobe." As "E. W." points out wisely—and what he says should be widely taken to heart—the fireplace should be the most attractive part of a room; the chimney should present a genial surface to the ascending flames, and stimulate the fancy "with hints of a pleasant wonder-world to which it leads." The whole space over which the eye wanders should wear a frank and hospitable look. And here is another point: the best designers are beginning to feel the artistic impossibility of using marble in conjunction with tiles.

The appointment of Mr. Claude Phillips to the important post of Curator of the Wallace Collection at Hertford House is in every way most satisfactory, and is another proof, if proof were needed, of the recognition which lies in store for journalism when followed fully, conscientiously, and with the proper feeling of responsibility. There are few art critics in contemporary London who have worked so carefully and so vigorously at the subject of his profession as Mr. Phillips, whose name has become familiar on the covers of all high-class art magazines; his delicate appreciation, his knowledge, and his general command of his subject make him admirably fitted for the post which it has just been his privilege to have conferred upon him.

An illustration which accompanies this notice represents a drawing-room in the house of Mr. Allen H. P. Stoneham, Long Ditton, decorated by Signor Cesare Formilli. The panels all round the room are filled in with decorative landscapes and figures. To harmonise with the light intonation of the room, the landscapes are treated as vignettes, and are very pale in tone, as also the figures. The panels are painted on canvas



WALL DECORATION.—CESARE FORMILLI.

stretched on the wall, and with colours specially prepared, which give the effect of tempera or fresco decoration. The general effect is both uncommon and reposeful, and the owner is certainly to be congratulated upon his introduction of something so novel and, at the same time, so interesting in room-decoration.'

TOMMY ATKINS AND THE PLAGUE.

Photographs by Mr. Stewart, Poona.

Tommy Atkins has to play many rôles in India, and that of stamping out the plague has proved one of the most arduous. The Poona Plague Committee was formed by Lord Sandhurst, Governor of Bombay, early in the month of March, for the purpose of drawing up a plan of campaign with military aid for the suppression of the plague. This committee consisted of the late Mr. Walter C. Rand, of the Indian Civil Service, as chairman; Lieut.-Colonel C. R. Phillipps, Commandant 19th Bombay Infantry, as Military Member; and Surgeon-Captain W. W. O. Beveridge, Army Medical Staff, as Medical Member. The operations which were put into force in the City of Poona were carried out entirely through the agency of the troops, and were similar to those which proved so effective in suppressing the plague in Hong-Kong in 1894-95. As Surgeon-Captain Beveridge had served throughout the epidemic in that place, his advice as to the measures to be taken in Poona was of the greatest assistance to the Committee. A large number of soldiers were required for the carrying out of the operations, and Major-General J. Duncan, commanding the Poona Division, called for volunteers, with the result that almost the entire garrison of Poona offered themselves for this dangerous duty. From those who volunteered about twenty-five British officers, three hundred and fifty British non-commissioned officers and men, and six hundred natives of all ranks were chosen from the various corps in Poona, and were located in a camp about three miles distant from Poona, under the command of Major A. Paget, Durham Light Infantry, to whom the greatest credit is due for the able manner in which all the instructions of the Plague Committee were carried into effect.

The officers under his command also all performed their varied duties in an exceptionally zealous and able manner. The corps furnishing volunteers for Plague Duty were as follows—

BRITISH.—Royal Engineers, Royal Artillery, Royal Irish Rifles, and Durham Light Infantry.

NATIVE.—2nd Bombay Lancers, Bombay Sappers and Miners, 2nd Bombay

Grenadiers, 14th Bombay Infantry, 19th Bombay Infantry, and 28th Bombay Pioneers.

Throughout the whole of the operations, the soldiers, both British and native, carried out their dangerous and unpleasant duties in a manner deserving of great praise. The religious and caste prejudices of all classes of natives were respected by the soldiers in a manner which reflected great credit on the troops employed, and on the British Army generally.

The result of the operations was that within eight weeks of their commencement the Bubonic Plague was practically stamped out in Poona.

Surgeon-Captain Beveridge, who arrived at Plymouth the other day along with the widow of Lieutenant Ayerst, who was murdered, declares that the plague could not have been dealt with successfully had it not been for the combined heroism and gentleness of the British soldier. The native police were not sufficiently numerous or trustworthy for this particular duty. In the death certificates which, after the suspension of house-to-house visitation, were furnished by native doctors, it was found that death was attributed to other causes when the patient had succumbed to plague, and the authorities were obliged to disallow native certificates. No one but British soldiers could have carried on the work of searching with such success as was achieved in Poona. "Their discipline," he says, "was excellent; they displayed the greatest intelligence, patience, and kindness in all their dealings with the natives, and they were above bribery. Of course, in all this I am referring to the work of actual search and visitation. The native troops loyally supported us in our work, but it was in the direction of disinfection of houses and in guard and picket work. They also did excellent segregation work. The industry and intelligence displayed by the native apothecaries employed by the committee were, too, of great value. In many cases the British troops displayed the greatest heroism in removing at personal risk bodies of dead or dying persons whom the natives refused to touch."

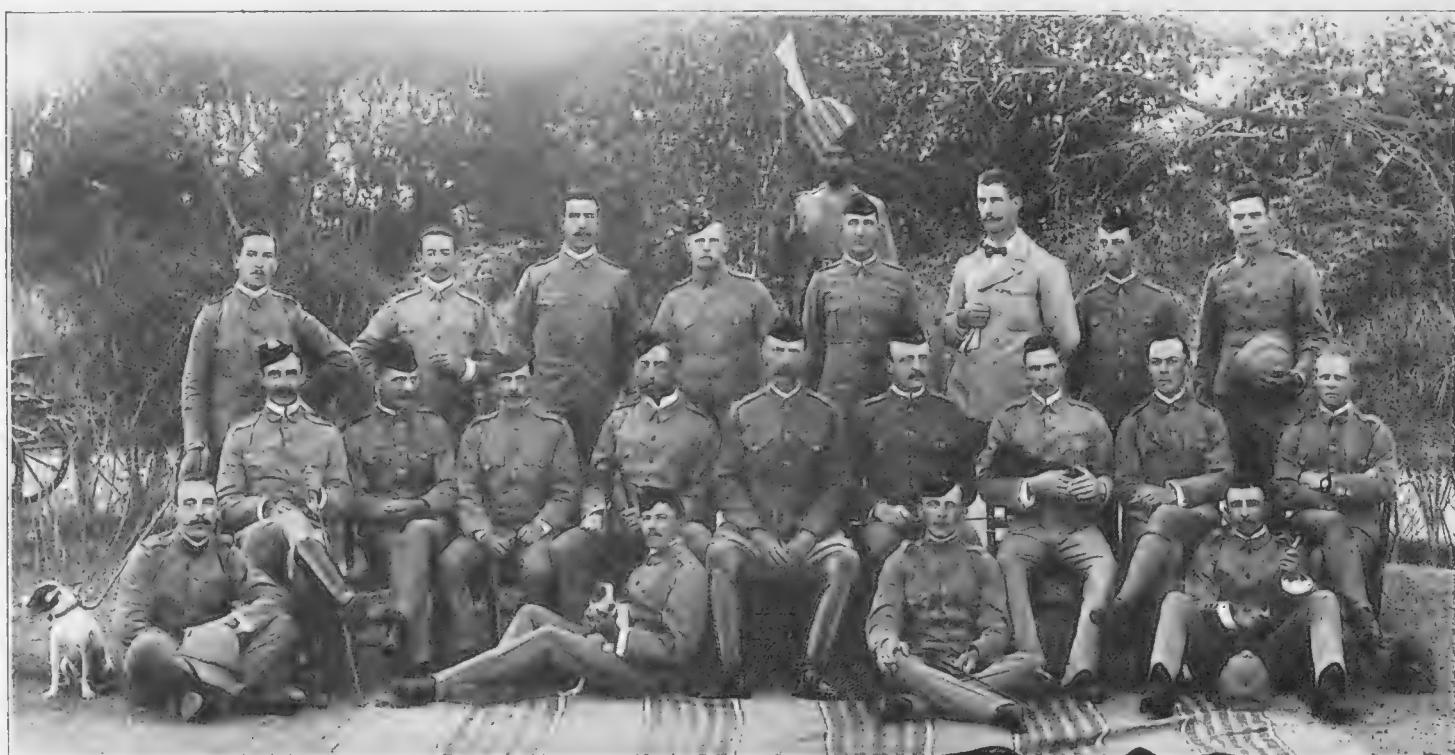
Apart from the native Press and certain native gentlemen who for the moment shall be nameless, the natives themselves, although naturally disliking the sanitary measures adopted, showed little animosity towards us, and I was informed that, when it was known that the troops were about to be withdrawn, many natives of good standing asked that the British soldiers should be allowed to remain."



Lieut.-Col. C. R. Phillipps, Surg.-Capt. W. W. O. Beveridge, Mr. W. C. Rand.

THE POONA PLAGUE COMMITTEE.

Lieut. Montresor. Lieut. Daunt. Lieut. de Berry. Lieut. Mackenzie. Lieut. Mander. Lieut. Dens. Lieut. Moore. Lieut. Stevens.
Lieut. Crawford. Lieut. Cumming. Capt. Hussey. Capt. Morphy. Major Paget. Capt. Iremonger. Lieut. Tonge. Lieut. Owen-Lewis. Lieut. Robb.



Surg.-Lieut. Kiddle.

Lieut. Molloy.

Lieut. Melville.

Lieut. Wright.

OFFICERS OF THE POONA GARRISON EMPLOYED ON PLAGUE DUTY IN POONA CITY.

HEINE'S GRAVE IN PARIS.

I remember well the first time I visited Paris. It was in the month of September, and thus, when I went to the cemetery of Montmartre, the force of Matthew Arnold's lines appealed to me in their full significance as I stood viewing Heine's grave—

HENRI HEINE—'tis here!
That black tombstone, the name
Carved there—no more!

Here Heine had lain since 1856, and when I visited it the monument was in a shocking condition. "Trim Montmartre" was scarce the fitting description to apply to the neglected little plot with the bald headstone, yet the place was just the same as when Arnold wrote—

... the faint
Murmur of Paris outside;
Crisp everlasting-flowers,
Yellow and black, on the
graves.

Yet this headstone, such as it was, formed all the memorial that Heine ever had, for neither Germany nor Austria has immortalised him thus. Germans have long been shocked at the condition of the grave, and at last the *Frankfurter Zeitung* instituted an inquiry, and sent one of its staff to Hamburg to interview the poet's sister, Baroness von Embden, who is ninety-six. The venerable lady was able to give the interviewer valuable information, for she was aware that M. L. Hasselriis, the only Danish sculptor in Rome, had completed a statue of her brother. Heine is represented in the closing days of his life, when he had no longer strength to raise his eyelids. He is seated, his face calm and serene. In his right hand he holds a pen, and in his left a roll, with the verses beginning "Was willst du, einsame Thräne?" A beautiful work of art this, which had won a medal at the Vienna Exhibition a quarter of a century ago, yet nobody had offered to buy it, save one gentleman, who wanted not the statue, but the cast—which was declined by the struggling sculptor. "So the

statue," says the Rome correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "remained for twenty years in his studio, until one day Count Hohenwart Gerlachstein, in whom he thought he recognised the gentleman who so long before desired the cast, came, asked the price, and went away. Seven months later he returned and bought the statue, but without revealing for whom, and it was only on going to Corfu on the invitation of the Empress of Austria, to her villa Achilleion, that he was confronted by his own work, and found the Sovereign of anti-Semitic Austria a fervent admirer of the Semitic poet. When asked by the Empress how he liked the site, he replied that no better could have been chosen. Then the Empress went on poetically describing her villa, pointing to the cypresses and olive-trees, and saying that all around there was such an atmosphere of peace as one could only hope to find in a cemetery. It was this work that caused the Danish sculptor to conceive the idea of a monument for the lonely grave in Paris." It was indeed time that something had been done to mark Heine's resting-place in a more suitable manner than has hitherto been the case, although his is not the fame that relies on sculptured stone and monument.



THE NEW TOMB MARKING HEINE'S GRAVE AT MONTMARTRE, PARIS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Miss Hill's translation of "Rameau's Nephew" (Longmans) is worth some attention. As translations go, it is very good, in spite of some slipshod English, and, as far as I know, it is the only separate version in our language. Mr. Morley's, which forms the appendix to his "Diderot and the Encyclopedists," some of us are familiar with, but it is not quite complete. And this newer one has the additional interest of being done from Diderot's actual text. The book has had a strange history. At first, the personal allusions in it forbade its publication; but a good many manuscript copies were made, one of which fell into Goethe's hands, who was delighted with it and put it into German. Its own country first made acquaintance with it in a re-translation from

Goethe. The various copies of the French text were found and given to the world, Diderot's own copy being discovered as late as 1890, about a hundred and twenty years after it was written. To those who cannot get hold of a good edition of the original, Miss Hill's translation can be recommended, and the susceptible reader, if he be also a delighter in the vagaries of human character, or capable of being chiefly moved by the tragedy of human existence, is to be envied who reads "Le Neveu de Rameau" for the first time. The masterpiece of its author, it is also one of the masterpieces of the world—though its immediate cause was mere petty local squabbles. None of the dramatists ever made a more living man than Rameau, and it has this in common with the greatest creations, that, for all the idiosyncrasies of the creature, for all his sordid vices, we are made to feel our brotherhood with him, however saintly and heroic we count ourselves to be.

"George Egerton" has made a step or two towards our ordinary humanity in her new book, "Symphonies" (Lane), which ought to be a gain for us and for her, but it isn't. If the stories are less morbid, the heroes and heroines less bizarre and less

ferocious, they are a good deal more commonplace. They are quite undistinguished little stories, with a bit of vigorous description here and there, but not frequently enough to take away the reproach from a good deal of bad writing. In "Keynotes" and in "Discords" the extravagance of the subjects, the abnormal character of the personages, partly hid from some readers, partly excused in the eyes of others, the strain of coarseness. Here no disguise is possible. The coarseness is not pervasive; but it breaks out with unpleasant frequency, and suggests an attempt to conceal a lull in the writer's powers, which are considerable, by a show of fictitious energy. Even "A Chilian Episode," which is a vigorous if disagreeable picture of young love among the Southern races, is almost spoilt by appeals to merely physical sensations.—o. o.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighteen (from April 28 to July 21, 1897) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

AUG. 11, 1897



MISS DELLA FOX.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

NOW APPEARING AS MDLLE. DE BELLE ISLE IN "THE SILVER KEY," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

ESHOWE AND THE ZULULAND POLICE.

Photographs by Francis E. Pollard, Elandsfontein, S.A.R.

After Chaka, the Napoleon of Zululand, had wiped three hundred African tribes out of existence, and the cry of his splendid army was "Thou hast finished the nations; where wilt thou go to battle now?" he sent this message to King George IV.: "If you will look after your interests in England, I will look after mine in Africa, and will take care that no enemies are left. We will be the sovereigns of the world."

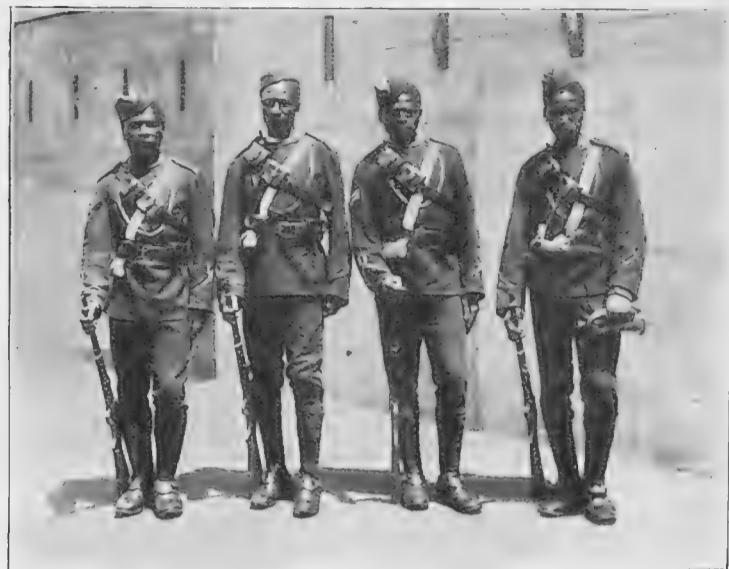
The consolidation of British and Zulu power here foreshadowed has really transpired. But were Chaka able now to meditate on matters mundane, he would in all probability be disagreeably surprised at the present-day division of glory and power in the Black and White alliance his ambition evolved. And this surprise would take on new strength when he noted the transformation in his old people. From bloodthirsty warrior to beneficent "Bobby" is a far journey, even for the fleet-footed Zulu, who can easily cover fifty miles in ten hours; but that journey has been safely accomplished. As a policeman the Zulu has distinctly arrived. And no good quality has the Zulu lost on the journey. He has become civil without becoming servile, is obedient, willing, trustworthy, and brave—yes, brave as ever, although the new stimulus to bravery is so very different from the old, for, when Chaka ruled, military court-martials were simplicity simplified. Defeat in battle was proof positive of cowardice; hence retreat to escape annihilation by the enemy was merely an advance to equally certain annihilation by friends led by Chaka.

The Native Police Force which has succeeded Chaka's impis as conservators of law and order consists of two hundred and fifty non-commissioned officers and men, and is under the command of a white Chief Inspector and five white Sub-Inspectors. This is not a large force, surely, when it is remembered that a territory of nine thousand square miles has to be policed, and a population of 175,000 kept in the narrow path of law and order; and that population only contains twelve hundred white men. But there is already in existence a good road traversing the country from end to end, and branch roads which connect that main road with each of the eight magisterial districts into which Zululand is now divided. The whole force is armed with Martini-Henry rifles, and forty men are mounted. The fact that a small portion of maize will provision a Zulu policeman for twenty-four hours is an important item in a country where the commissariat work always under a heavy handicap.

A force of fifty men, one Sub-Inspector, and the Commandant is located at Eshowe, the seat of the Government in Zululand. As will be seen from the picture of the officer's quarters, the corrugated iron of civilisation has elbowed out of perspective the picturesque hut of the mere heathen. Other testimony, and perhaps more convincing than corrugated iron, is to be found at Eshowe of the arrival of the civilising, conquering nineteenth century spirit. Over one hundred white folks now call this one-time Norwegian mission—the oldest in Zululand—home, and the talk of trade is at the street-corners and in the market-place.

A Salvation Army barracks is one of the sights of the city, but in the weighing eye of the superior statesman the most convincing evidence that civilisation of a high order has arrived in Eshowe will be the circumstance that already the Zulu "Budget" shows expenditure in excess of income, and suggests the possibility of a much-perturbed Zulu Chancellor of Exchequer casting eye of envy across seven thousand miles

already visible a silver—perhaps it would be less offensive to say a bimetallic—lining, for the natives are taking rapidly to agriculture; and, with increasing furrows on the face of the land, we may expect decreasing furrows on the brow of the Finance Minister. Then, too, the Zulu proverb has it, "If a man steal he eats no more corn." And as corn is the life of the



ZULU MOUNTED POLICE.

Zulu, it naturally follows that theft is punished by loss of life. This attempt of the heathen lawmaker to make "the punishment fit the crime" not only lightens the labour, by discouraging petty larceny, of the local police, but incidentally it tends to create a thrifty peasantry by ensuring that he who sows reaps.

From a sentimental point of view, service in the native police has one serious drawback. Every year is "leap-year" in Zulu Loveland. Dusky damsels "pop the question." And so it comes to pass that the black "Bobby" of Eshowe cannot emulate in matters amatory his London prototype. On the contrary, this Eshowe protector of the peace must hang silent and heart-hungry at the area gate until some sable-skinned Miss Don Juan storms the citadel of his heart. The authorities have already made a strong effort to kill this adverse influence. And under the law, as it now stands, the policeman is granted a compensating advantage over the mere kitchen-garden order of citizen. For should a policeman be wooed and won, and, further, should subsequent wedlock be blessed with increase in the form of a female, the policeman may demand thirty cows for that daughter from a would-be husband. The mere civilian citizen, on the other hand, is limited to ten cows in such a matrimonial deal.

The military cemetery, of which a picture is given, is testimony convincing to the price we pay for Empire.



ZULU POLICE IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

of land and sea at Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, blessed always with a soporific surplus. In this matter, however, it is only fair to remember that the taxable capacity of Zululand is circumscribed. The Zulu Hut Tax of fourteen shillings a year only produces at present about £31,000, while all other earthly manifestation of "unearned increment," in the absence of a Zulu John Burns to point the way, remains beyond the grasp of Treasury talons. To this financial cloud, however, there is

THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.

Everywhere o'er the land I glide,
Thro' town, and village, and country-side;
And the purring click of my driving-chain
Whispers its way down street and lane.
I test the nerves, where the traffic's thick,
As hither and thither your way you pick.
I try your balance and power of grip
When I slither around on a sharp side-slip;
While up the ascent of rising ground
The strength of your heart and lungs I sound.
Then, when my tyre is punctured, pop!
Be patient, O rider! for you must stop.
But, in return, each sense I thrill
With my skimming flight down the long, long hill;
And where the level road winds away
Past wood and mead and churches grey,
I give you health from the open air,
And rest from toil and its wear and tear.
So, whether I'm ridden in dainty style
By a pretty maid with a charming smile;
Or by a lady who looks afraid
And wears a dress not tailor-made;
Or by a bibulous, middle-aged man,
Who crawls along at such speed as he can;
Or by humpbacked youth of gargoyle face,
Who searches my tyres with his rapid pace—
To young and old and all alike
A friend am I, the ubiquitous bike.



AN OFFICER'S QUARTERS AT ESHOWE, ZULULAND.



THE MILITARY CEMETERY, ESHOWE, ZULULAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCIS E. POLLARD, ELANDSFONTEIN, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

"THE JUBILEE BOOK OF CRICKET."*

To all those who think that cricket is the sole prerogative of Englishmen "The Jubilee Book of Cricket," by Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, must come with something of a shock. It is as if a German were to come to teach us how to build battleships, as if a Frenchman were to teach us how to "keep shop." It is like an Englishman reading a Scot a lesson in "thrift," or an Icelander showing an Irishman how to drink whisky. But, having recovered from the first shock of surprise and dipped into the book, it begins to dawn upon the Englishman that, after all, he does not know everything knowable about his national game; that here is an Indian Prince, a mere Oriental, who not only knows the game thoroughly and can play it to perfection, but can also teach it, and has something useful and new to say about its future development. All this may not be flattering to our insular pride; but, strange to say, no one seems to resent the knowledge and ability of the "Prince," who last year assisted the Old Country to turn the tide of battle against the Australian invader, and everyone is looking forward to Ranji making lots of runs for England in Australia with Mr. Stoddart's team during the coming winter.

"The Jubilee Book of Cricket" is no mere effort of the prentice hand (excepting in so far as it is his maiden effort in book-making), but is the work of a journeyman, of one who has mastered all the details and intricacies of the game, and is able to give a full and sufficient reason for every new view he expounds. There is no doubt that as a manual—an aid to playing the game—it is the most complete work of the kind ever attempted. Like all good workmen, he begins at the beginning by advising boys about their outfits, telling them how to train—what to eat and drink, and what to avoid—and then goes through the entire gamut of the game, taking stroke by stroke, and showing how each hit should be made, pointing out the effects of pitch and pace in bowling, and, perhaps more than all, dilating on the extraordinary if often overlooked importance of fielding. As one of the most brilliant of fieldsmen,

in catching, stopping, and returning, as well as other delicate shades of ground-work. Hear the author on fielding—

There is no finer sight in cricket than that of a really good fielding side trying its level best to win or save a match. It is marvellous what can be done and is done in such circumstances. Even the uninitiated can appreciate a magnificent catch or a hairbreadth save just on the boundary. And the impression given by the splendid unity of the eleven men, by their individual and collective energy



L. C. H. PALAIRET PLAYING FORWARD.
From "The Jubilee Book of Cricket."

all concentrated on one end, can arouse as intense enthusiasm in a crowd of onlookers as the best batting imaginable. The finest exhibition of fielding it has been my good fortune to see was that given at Lord's by the Oxford University Eleven of 1892. They won a sensational victory partly by good batting and good bowling, but principally by their extraordinary dash, brilliancy, and accuracy in the field. Their fielding was superb. Had it been merely good, they would have had very nearly double the number of runs to make in the fourth innings of the match. Mr. M. R. Jardine was, perhaps, the best of the lot. He was perfect. The standard of excellence they reached, high as it was compared with what one usually sees, is not beyond the capacity of any eleven composed of men who have not lost speed of foot and elasticity of limb.

Ranji himself is a splendid example of a free, natural batsman, for, though he is a master of all the ordinary strokes, perhaps his most telling and prolific hit is a "glance" to leg, often made off a ball pitched on the middle stump; and this stroke, once considered dreadfully "bad form," has now many imitators in a more or less modified form. One wonders, too, what sort of a batsman Mr. G. L. Jessop, the hurricane hitter, would have made had he been brought up on the orthodox "pap" served up to schoolboys. We should have missed one of the most glorious sloggers and one of the best all-round cricketers of the day.

A great feature of the book is the full-page illustrations, of which there are one hundred, all of well-known cricketers, batsmen in position making their favourite strokes and bowlers in the act of delivering the ball, as shown in the accompanying illustrations. It is a book which, by virtue of its educational value, ought to become a standard work, and, by reason of its comprehensive dealings with the cricket of the Victorian era, it will serve long as a history of the cricket of the present day.

The book is dedicated by permission to her Majesty the Queen, and there is little doubt that her loyal subjects in all parts of the world will receive it with ill-concealed delight. Although Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji is an Indian Prince, he is to all intents and purposes an Englishman by education, and no one reading the book would for a moment think that its author arrived in England from India less than ten years ago. In style it is a model of clear, simple writing, with a literary turn that betrays the student and the gentleman. ALFRED GIBSON.



RICHARDSON IN THE ACT OF BOWLING.
From "The Jubilee Book of Cricket."

especially at point and slip, Ranji is well qualified to deal with and dwell upon the bearing of fielding upon the game, and he does well to point out the real pleasure to be derived from this the least popular part of the game, if only the cricketer will set about trying to make himself proficient

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

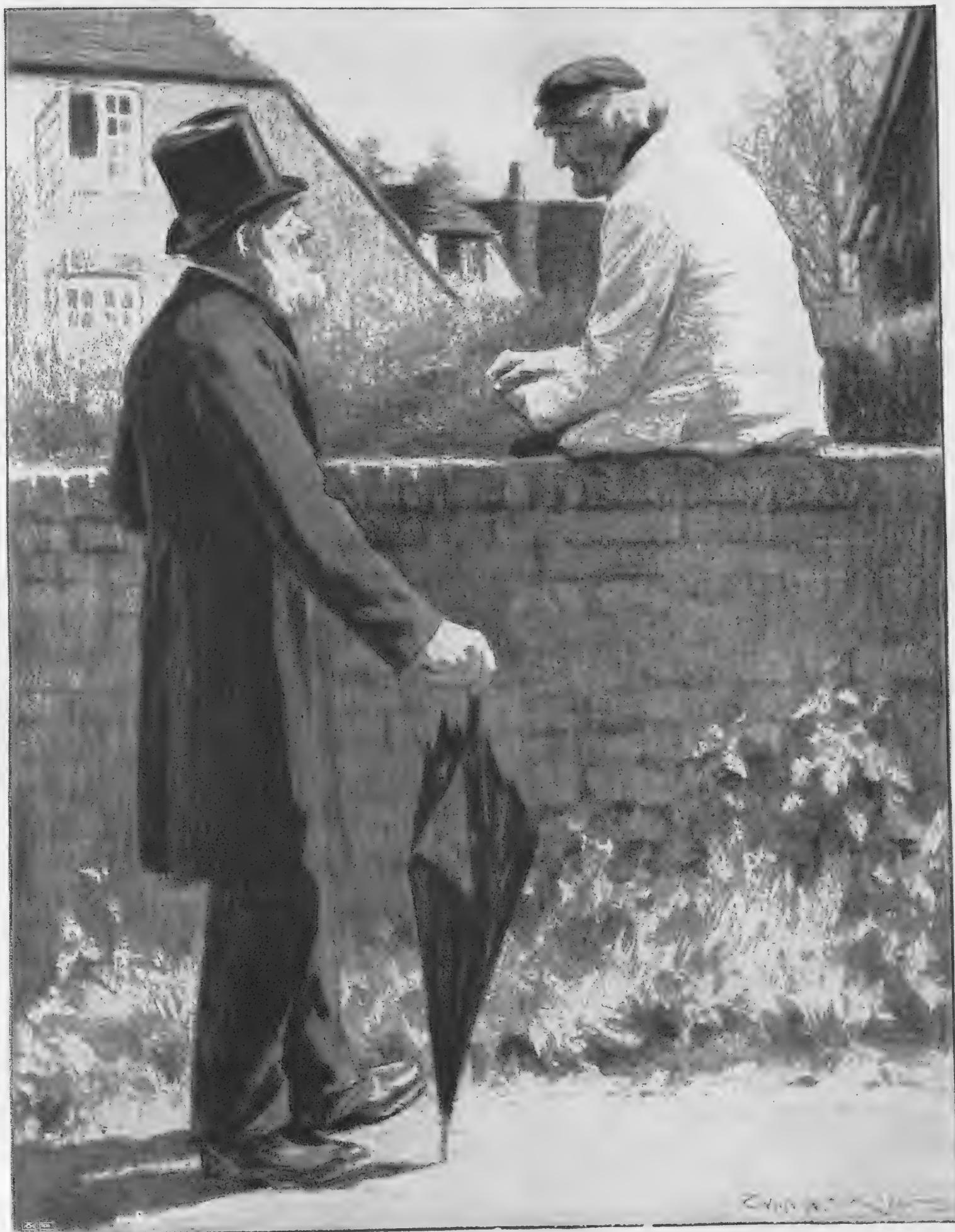


TWO PRETTY INNOCENTS.



"Oh, Mrs. Miggs, what a dreadful black eye! I do hope you haven't been fighting?"

"Foightin', Miss! Me? Sure, 'ow could Oi be foightin' wid me 'usband dead this two years?"



PARSON : John, I have not seen you at church for a few Sundays

JOHN : Noa, Zur, but I 've bin goin' to th' chapel.

PARSON : Remember, John, a rolling stone gathers no moss.

JOHN : Aye, Zur, but it takes a tethered sheep a long time ter git fat.



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN A SAND-STORM IN THE DESERT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TWO MEN AND A DEVIL.

BY P. B. CARLISLE.

The average P. and O. globe-trotter is apt to remark that the Maltese are a lazy, degenerate race. Those who only stay in Valetta a week or more and push their researches inland endorse this statement. It is true enough from their point of view.

These visitors, however, have never seen the true Maltese, and, perhaps, never heard of his dwelling-place, Gozo. This island is about four miles from the mainland—as Malta is called—as the crow flies, and seventeen from Valetta. A boat runs to and fro daily, bringing fish, flesh, and fowl to the Maltese markets. In this hidden corner you find a very different being to the Levanti-Sicilian “José” of the capital. In place of that puny offscouring of the Mediterranean ports, the Gozoan is a stalwart, honest (if dirty) peasant. Here, then, are the true Maltese. Fine big men they are, these descendants of the ancient Arab and Phoenician settlers. Simple peasants and content with their lot, the majority of them live through their lives without having visited the sister island. Instead of the bargaining and huckstering which engage the attention of the mainland riffraff, the Gozoan devotes himself to fishing, agriculture, or work in the stone-quarries. The women occupy themselves with lace- or basket-making.

In Gozo, at Nadur on the hill, lived Theresa Samut. In England, no doubt, she would not have been thought any beauty; but to the Gozoan eyes she was perfect. Her face had a somewhat Semitic cast. Her complexion was swarthy, with an underlying tint which almost suggested olive-green. Her long black hair showed magnificently both in its abundance and its gloss; but her teeth were stained and irregular. Teeth always are in Gozo, for the peasants practically live on prickly pears. Her figure was of the best that Nature bestows, untouched by the disfigurements of the milliner’s art.

She lived with her parents in the inevitable two-storeyed stone building, surrounded by the equally inevitable jungle of hideous prickly pear. The house was entered at the top storey, and there above the door hung the bull’s horns to avert the evil eye. The family all lived in one room, and shared it, too, with a couple of piebald sheep with clown’s faces and a squadron of cocks and hens. Above them, on the roof, lived the ever-baying dog. Below them were stored the implements of their trades.

Theresa was a lace-maker, and the betrothed of Paolo Cajano, the quarryman. Tall and swarthy was Paolo, and very strong through carrying about the huge blocks of sandstone.

These Gozoans use neither truck nor lever. With their hands they raise the blocks, and on their shoulders they carry them. Paolo could carry one on either shoulder, each weighing perhaps two hundred-weight. So he was strong, and Theresa gloried in his strength.

But the days were long, the quarry was away at Schlendi, and Theresa was a woman. In the field of vines hard by her house worked José Marto. He was younger by many years than Paolo and but a lad. He was shy and reserved, not fond of talking to the women.

Theresa had observed him often, and the eternal feminine love of conquest invited her daily to make him her captive and thrall.

One day, as Theresa came back from the well, she saw José at work as usual, looking, as he bent to the ground, like some strange blue quadruped.

“A—ah, José!” called Theresa to him.

Overcome by confusion, he pretended not to hear.

“A—ah, José!” she repeated in a louder voice; “you must be hot with your work. See, I have here some water. Would you not like a drink?”

But he turned his back on her and went on with his work.

Greatly mortified, she went home.

Next day, however, as she came back from the well, she climbed the wall and crossed the field to where he was working.

“Imshe!” (“Get out”) he cried roughly. “You are treading on my grapes. The padrone will be after you.”

“I didn’t mean any harm,” she faltered humbly; “I thought you might like a fig and a drink from my pitcher.”

The heart of the woman-hater softened. None had ever gone out of their way to please him before.

“You are kind,” he replied; “forgive me,” and he stretched out his hand for the fig and took a drink from the jug.

She crouched down on the ground and watched him as he thinned the grapes.

“José, why do I never see you at the drink-shop?” she asked.

“I care not for the horrid place, or for the singing and dancing.”

“Nor I,” she answered.

“Why do you go?”

“Because the men go.”

“What then?”

“Paolo likes it.”

“Ah!”

“But you don’t?”

“No.”

“But you will come to see me?”

“No.”

“Not if I ask you, José?”

“I have no money to spend on the singers and the ambiete.”

“What do you do at night, then, José?”

“I go to Miggia to see the dghaisas (native boats) come in.”

“That must be nice.”

“Humph! I don’t know that it is. But you get a bit of fish sometimes, or a halfpenny for carrying the baskets.”

“Will you take me one night, José?”

“Get Paolo to take you.”

“Paolo cares only for drinking and dancing. Will you take me to-night?”

“Paolo would be angry with you.”

“What then? Is Paolo the only man in Nadur?”

“He is betrothed to you.”

“What then? He isn’t my husband. Take me to-night, José.”

“I don’t care.”

So José took Theresa, and they watched the boats come in. And Paolo was wroth that night because Theresa was not at the grog-shop, and he took more ambiete than was good for him.

But Theresa went and spoke to José every day, and brought him figs and water; and they often went of an evening to see the boats come in. And Paolo was always angry, and often drunk; but he did not divine the cause of her absence.

Now one day José said to Theresa—

“Will you come and see the dghaisas to-night?”

And she replied—

“Let us go to the glen, José. I am tired of the dghaisas. There are too many people there. Let us be alone. Let us go to the glen.”

And José said—

“As you wish, Theresa,” for he always did as she wished, and he liked the idea of being alone with her. “As you wish. We will see the moon go down behind Bengemma.”

But that evening, in the Roman Emperor tavern, Maddalena Bassano said to Paolo Cajano—

“Paolo, you are a blind fool.”

“How now, Maddalena?” he answered. “What do you mean?”

“Where is your Theresa, Paolo?”

“Theresa cares not for the grog-shop now.”

“But where is she, Paolo?”

“She is at home.”

“Fool! Do you not know that Theresa goes out at night with José Marto?” For she hated Theresa, and would fain have had one of her lovers for herself.

“José! That fool! Why, he dare not look a girl in the face. Try a more likely story, Maddalena.”

“It is true, Paolo. They have gone to the glen to-night.”

“You talk foolishly.”

“I do not. Go and see. See if Theresa is at home. See if José is at home. I tell you, they are at the glen. He is kissing her now, Paolo,” she laughed.

“Corpo di Bacchus!” cried Paolo, and he strode from the grog-shop. He asked Theresa’s mother, and heard that Theresa was gone out about an hour. Then he went to José’s. “Ow, José! José Marto!” he called from the road.

The dog on the roof yelped, and José’s mother put her head out.

“Imshe!” she said; “José is gone out.”

So Paolo turned his face towards the glen.

The glen is a chasm which cuts the island in two. It runs from the south, where its rocky walls rise to a height of some four hundred feet, to the north, where it is a mere depression. It is hard to walk through the glen, for huge boulders of the rock obstruct it at intervals. Just by the mouth there is a little marsh, in which the tall canes grow to such a height that the casual visitor would not be aware of its existence. But the snipe from Africa know it, and here they rest when they make their pilgrimages northwards. Up the rocky walls, wherever a ledge, be it only a foot square, exists, some frugal peasant has placed a handful of earth and planted a potato or an onion or two; and, though his neighbours will steal the earth off his field, they will not touch his crops.

Out to sea, some two hundred yards from the shore, rises a pinnacle of rock completely hiding the entrance. Facing this, a pathway runs round the western sea-wall, about fifty feet from the water. Here José Marto and Theresa Samut were seated, watching the moon go down behind the heights of Bengemma.

“José, mio, do you love me very much?”

“Carissima!” he responded, as he kissed her.

“And Paolo——?”

“May Paolo rot in his grave before he has aught to do with you!”

“What is that?” she asked, pointing to the opposite cliff, where a dark figure was descending, walking where a goat might have feared to tread.

“It is Paolo,” he responded slowly.

And they were silent as Fate approached. They were silent as he climbed to their ledge. They were silent when he stood before them.

“What?” demanded Paolo. “It is true, then, Theresa!”

"Paolo!" she gasped.
"Imshe! José Marto. Imshe! or, by the Virgin, I will kill you!"
"Imshe, you, Paolo!"
"Stop!" cried Theresa. "You shall fight for me, you two, with knives; and, when you are done, I will take the one I like best."

She laughed and scrambled up the rock from between them. The two drew their knives and cautiously approached each other. José made the first blow, but his eye was errant through fear, and his antagonist was out of reach. He retired, and Paolo followed him. Closer and closer crept the quarryman, his eyes ever fixed on those of his opponent, and there he read that the victory would be his. José kept making feints to try and draw off Paolo's guard. Suddenly the other rushed in. José stepped back, tottered for a moment, and fell headlong into the sea. Paolo returned to where Theresa was standing, with clasped hands, parted lips, and heaving bosom.

"You are mine again now, Theresa," he said with pride.

"No," she said. "Look," and pointed to José, who had now climbed the pinnacle of rock in the bay, and was seated on it, shivering.

"Come!"

She led him to the water's edge, where a boat was moored.

"Get in," she said, and, following him, she pushed it off and rowed for the rock. Paolo clambered up, knife in mouth. José kicked at his face, and the other tried to seize his foot. Theresa stood in the boat and shouted. This fight was grand to her mind. She loved it. The lust of blood ousted the lust of love from her mind. Let them fight. Let them both be killed.

"Give him the knife, José! Don't kick. Give him the knife, Paolo! Ah!"

They had fallen, both of them, into the water. Paolo swam after his rival, who tried only to escape. But the muscle of the quarryman had the advantage. He reached the other. There was a sickening gurgle as the knife was plunged into his side. Again and again Paolo struck him. Seven times he stabbed him, and then swam back to the rock. Theresa had got on to it for a better view. Seeing the victor, she exclaimed, "So you have killed him. José, mio, you are dead."

When he was seated beside her she said—

"Your knife, Paolo." And she kissed her lover's blood on the blade.

"You are mine again now, Theresa." Victory rang in his voice.

"Yes, Paolo. Thine again." But she thought of her dead lover and yearned for him. The blood-fever was still in her pulse, and José's death called for vengeance. "Bare your chest, Paolo."

"What now, Theresa?"

"I must give you a cut or two, Paolo. When you tell *el polizzo* that José tried to kill you and you killed him instead, think you he will believe unless you have some wound?"

"True, Theresa, carissima; give me the knife."

"No, Paolo. I must do it. You would merely bungle."

"Think you my hand would be unsteady? Indeed, I fear not the letting of blood."

"I must do it, Paolo. It will look more natural so."

"As you will, Theresa. See, I am bared." He tore open his shirt.

"Thine again, Paolo! Thine again!" cried Theresa, and the knife flashed and fell. Paolo fell, and she flung the knife far out to sea.

"After all," she whispered, "they were both worth loving."

Then she went back, and told the police how her lovers had fought to the death.

MISS NINA BERTINI HUMPHRYS.

This young singer-actress, who has just arrived in England from America, is no stranger to our shores, although the London public has yet to listen to her full, flexible, soprano voice and applaud her sympathetic style. Her first two names were adopted for stage purposes, Miss Humphrys being really of Irish parentage, as her laughing eyes attest.

Educated in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, she speaks the languages of those countries as well as she does English. She studied music in Italy under Signor Francesco Lamperti and Signora Teresa Brambilla, and made a successful début in Milan as Armina in "La Sonnambula." She then sang in concerts in Germany and England, and, as a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, made a "hit" in Liverpool as Michaela in "Carmen." Her first engagement in America was with the Emma Abbott Grand Opera Company, and lasted two seasons. Subsequently, as a member of different opera companies, she sang no less than twenty-four prima-donna rôles, and, in addition to her grand opera répertoire, she sang in a score of comic operas, in several oratorios and numerous concerts. It will be of interest, as showing the valuable experience which may be gained by a young artist in America, if I enumerate some of the parts sung there by Miss Humphrys. These

include Nedda in "I Pagliacci," Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," Gilda in "Rigoletto," the Queen and Valentine in "Les Huguenots," the Queen in "The Jewess," Carmen, Leonora in "Il Trovatore," Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," Marguerite in "Faust," Armina in "La Sonnambula," Lucia in "Lucia di Lammermoor," Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," Maritana, Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo," Mignon, Venus in "Tannhäuser," Martha, Gretel in "Hänsel und Gretel"—which she sang in German after only one orchestral rehearsal—and, last though not least, Juliet. In comic opera she has sung such rôles as Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville," Dorothy, Erminie, Olivette, Bettina in "La Mascotte," &c., and, for a season, under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman, she sang Manuela in "Miss Helyett." Her greatest triumph was made just a year ago, when, as a member of the Gustav Hinrich's Grand Opera Company, she made a pronounced hit in San Francisco as Juliet, the charm of her voice and the mingled girlishness and power of her acting being warmly applauded by the public and praised by the Press.



MISS NINA BERTINI HUMPHRYS AS JULIET.

Photo by Marceau, San Francisco.

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SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Once upon a time I prided myself upon having a theory to the effect that cheap shot-guns and cheap cycles were worse than useless. A few years ago, however, I bought for a mere song a gun from a Birmingham maker, named Lincoln Jeffries, and it has proved fully as serviceable and as hard-shooting a weapon as either of the guns expressly built for me from time to time by a Bond Street gunmaker. And now I have reason to believe that I have "struck" a maker of cheap but excellent bicycles. His name is Taffinder, and he flourishes in Park Road, Northampton. Formerly a mechanic employed by a well-known firm of cycle-makers, he and a friend started business on their own account, and the female wheel that I bought from them last week, on the recommendation of a friend who has ridden one for two years, has every appearance of being a gem. Certainly it is a splendid bicycle to look at, and my friend knows three persons who have ridden these bicycles for several years and are delighted with them. The machine is called "The Easy," and the price of it, with lamp and bell complete, and carriage paid to any part of England, is just over fourteen pounds. Frankly, I have no hesitation in recommending this bicycle, and I do so merely in order that those who read may ride. Probably there are plenty of gunmakers who build excellent guns at a low figure, and cycle manufacturers who make capital bicycles for twelve or fourteen guineas, but the difficulty lies in discovering them.

Giuseppe Zanni—what a fine Adelphian flavour that name has!—and others deserve the thanks of the British public for the spirit which they have displayed in bringing to justice sundry reckless miscreants. The ill-starred defendants tried to evade certain straightforward questions put to them by the County Court Judge, but in vain. They were convicted for careless driving and duly fined, as they deserved to be. I can only advise cyclists ill-treated by cabmen, and more especially by private coachmen, who, as a rule, are by far the worst offenders in London, to emulate the example set by the Giuseppe Zanni school.

Miss Lillian Russell, the American comic opera "star," is so popular in America that as soon as a man brings anything before the public he either names it the "Lillian Russell" or gets her to write a testimonial as to its merits, no matter what the thing may be; and the amiable actress has, according to the advertisements, tried everything, from hair-oil and soothing-syrup to house-paint and steam-engines. Recently an enterprising bicycle firm gave the blonde beauty a gold-plated wheel,



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL AWHEEL.
Photo by Notman, Boston.

with her monogram in diamonds and emeralds on the bar. It is a beautiful piece of work, but Miss Russell rides it only in Central Park, New York, which is an excellent advertisement for the shrewd bicycle firm. It is said that Miss Russell has had a wheel given to her by every bicycle manufacturer in the States, and she gives away those which she does not care to ride.

Mr. W. E. Ritchie, the young American cyclist who has made so great a success at the Palace Theatre as a trick and grotesque rider, has just been persuaded to cancel his American engagements and remain on this side through the coming winter to take part in pantomime festivities, wherein he will probably introduce his original sketch "The Bicycle Tramp," one which, strange to say, happens to be a burlesque on the latest development in the British mendicant's trade. Mr. Ritchie is a Philadelphian, quite young and very enthusiastic, and entirely devoted to his "wheel." It is now about twelve years since he took to riding one of the old-fashioned high wheels, but as he had then not completed his first decade the height of his machine was not appalling, though later on he rode a fifty-two and raced on a fifty-three. He began life in the post-office of his native city, and, always being fond of riding and of theatricals, he was one evening asked by some friends to fill in a "turn" at their minstrel show. The first night he rode with a black face, but the second he started what he has now worked into his present entertainment, and, after playing for one week, had so good an offer to "go on the road" that he resigned his appointment and launched himself on the professional world, and, after the close of his first engagement, was secured for "1492," a skit on the life of Columbus. Later on he joined "The Bicycle Girl" and then "In Gay New York," and has played in the last-named piece some four hundred times, and should have returned to it during the coming month.

One often hears of a beggar on horseback, but until last week I had never seen a tramp on wheels. I had penetrated into the fastnesses of Dartmoor, when he suddenly appeared over the brow of a distant foot-hill, and came coasting down towards me very rapidly. When about ten yards away he slackened speed suddenly and, without even alighting, craved relief. Having muttered a few prayers and flung the fellow a guinea-piece, I bade him be of good cheer and he quickly left me. Certainly our Social Democrats have little to wish for when a tramp in rags can afford to bestride a Beeston Humber!

It is said that the Simpson lever-chain is being adopted on the Continent as well as in America.

I have not seen the invention lately patented by a Frenchman, but if it really answers its purpose it will prove of great value. It consists of a contrivance by means of which a bicycle may be attached to the rear of a cab, and so drawn along behind it. One has only to notice the number of vehicles driving to the London termini with bicycles perilously balanced on a heap of piled-up luggage to appreciate the value of the device. The utility of the cycle to the war correspondent was proved in the late Turco-Greek War; and now a happy idea has struck a German doctor, that the machine might also prove invaluable to army medics if equipped with a small medicine-chest containing the necessities for the treatment of wounded. Perhaps, too, a tricycle attachment might be fitted to a light ambulance stretcher for the rapid conveyance of the wounded from the field of battle.

That is a neat invention of Mr. Sargeant's for utilising a part of the handle-bar as a pump. If it works well in both capacities, as I understand it does, it is economy both in space and weight. The bar can be divided by a simple turn of the wrist, without troubling with any screw or nut, and can be put together again with equal ease. The inventor claims that, when the bar has been divided, the machine may be left unguarded with little risk of theft.

If a woman is smartly dressed but badly shod, alas for her appearance! When donning a pretty cycling-costume, the fair wearer should certainly give particular attention to her boots, and also to her gloves, as there is no doubt that, while riding the wheel, the hands and feet are much *en evidence*, and the fair cyclist needs to be *bien chaussé, aussi bien ganté*. What can look smarter than a neat pair of tan or patent-leather boots or shoes, with cloth tops made to match the skirt? The gloves, I think, should either match the tan shoes, if tan ones be worn, or else white washing ones are always smart, and in either case ventilated palms are desirable.



MR. W. E. RITCHIE.
Photo by Hana, Strand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ROWING.

The "megaphone" has proved a great success in America this season, where it is used by coaches and cox's to give the word of command to their crews. It is simply a large cone from thirty to forty-eight inches long, made of waterproof fibre or light metal. The voice of a person speaking into the small end is carried easily a distance of a mile, while a loud call, when neither wind nor obstructions interfere, may be heard

on the water, in open country, or along the shore a distance of two miles. The instrument is often used as a receiver also. The small end is placed at the ear, and sounds from a distance which would otherwise be inaudible can be heard distinctly. The instrument is usually held in the hands of the person who uses it, like a speaking-trumpet. It may also be fixed to the head of the cox, as shown in the accompanying picture of the Harvard cox. By means of the megaphone the audiences at nearly all open-air athletic meetings are informed as to the winners, and at these places, as well as in the rowing world, it has become an invaluable instrument.

Last week I gave a picture of the Cornell girls rowing. I may now note that rowing is a favourite pastime with women at Santiago, where the "Zlae" Club have made a record by saving twenty lives. One of the men's clubs gallantly offered the

"Zlaes" the use of their six-oared boat, and during the first race in which they took part they saved four of a yawl's crew. Just a year ago the club launched their own eight-oared racing-boat, built specially for them, and paid for entirely by members. They have won a number of races, on one occasion breaking the record. The "Zlae" costume is very becoming and yet workmanlike. It consists of a "three-quarter skirt" made of dark serge worn over knickers. A jaunty sailor-cap, belt, and black silk crayat worn over a loose shirt complete the uniform.

RACING NOTES.

After watching the turn of events at certain meetings I have come to the conclusion that the name of the handicapper should never be published. If this rule became general I am certain there would be bigger fields seen out at several meetings. Of course, to make the matter complete, the handicappers would have to be continually changed. Then some of the professional sharps who "ready" horses for the purpose of bringing off big coups would often be foisted in their attempt to get weight off. Further, I believe handicapping would be just as freely criticised by the Press as new plays are now if the names of the framers were unknown.

The appearance of the entries for the Autumn Handicaps reminds us that the end of the flat-racing season is fast drawing to a close. Strange to relate, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are the only two races left over which betting takes place before the entries appear, and there are not a few speculators who try to win, say, £3000 to £1 about the double by naming the two before the nominations are published. The different Continental firms have thousands of doubles booked, and yet I am told that if one is brought off there is big excitement in the offices, which shows how rare a thing it is to do the trick. A Newcastle man once landed an £800 double from a Boulogne firm, and he wrote to say he would fetch his money, as he was afraid he would not get it otherwise. The firm in question bank in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris. They employ sixty clerks, and pay out in some years over £250,000 for customers' winnings.

The nursery season will soon be upon us, and with it the usual eye-openers in the shape of long-priced and unexpected winners. A good two-year-old is capable of giving away a rare lot of weight to a bad one; but it often happens that the good ones manage to get in with light weights, the cause of this being a judicious and astute course of "readying," which blunt people dub dishonesty, and, in a good many cases, with reason. Some backers will have nothing to do with nursery handicaps, and they are wise.



THE "MEGAPHONE."
Photo by James Burton, New York.

It is a great pity that neither of Mr. Douglas Baird's smart colts, Champ de Mars and Cap Martin, nor Mr. Rose's Cyllene, is engaged in the Derby, for they are apparently the animals that would invest the race with its true importance. As the Derby and many other of our big races are conditioned, every year we find one or two of our best horses with no engagements. A system of reopening, such as obtains in France, would be advantageous; but owners who have not declared forfeit would naturally object to having their chances destroyed. Next year only Orzil, Longtown, and Florio Rubattino of the tip-top two-year-olds figure in the Derby, and should Mr. Brassey's colt sober down, then this popular young sportsman may secure the chief race of the year.

The Jockey Club will have an opportunity of either reducing some of their meetings at Newmarket or of permitting other important meetings to clash with them. In addition to the new course at Folkestone, which I am informed on good authority will be quite ready for use long before August 1898, there is one at Sunderland to which a licence will probably have to be granted in time. One good result of the clashing (if ever it does take place) will be the circumstance that most of the leading jockeys will be riding at Newmarket, and that "promising lads" will thus enjoy opportunities of steering a few winners which would not arise under other conditions.

If people spent much of their spare cash over the Jubilee, they certainly found some more before the next Bank Holiday, and rarely has Brighton received greater patronage than that accorded this year, the holiday crowd being supplemented by that which is always in evidence during the "Sussex Fortnight." Pickpockets and card-sharpers had a somewhat agreeable time at Brighton, where the police arrangement is so poor that it is absolutely dangerous for a person to leave the rings and walk down to the town. As the Chichester and Lewes cab-drivers are excluded from Brighton, local Jehus do well, as most racing-men take the precaution to drive to their hotels, though the walk would give them an appetite for dinner.

CAPTAIN COE.

A CHILDISH DANCER.

"Miniature Marie," one of the prettiest, funniest, and lightest Liliputians now on the stage, who has just made a hit at the Palace Theatre, has a telling voice, which she uses with ease, and is also a wonderful dancer. Little Marie is the daughter of Mr. Frank Egerton, once well known in the variety world as a topical singer, but more lately as a popular manager, her mother being also known as a "star"—Miss Hughie Hughes. She is now in her eleventh year, was born in Kennington, and made her professional début only about a year ago, prior to which she had been educated at St. John's College, Brixton, and St. Mary's College, Brighton. She was removed from both establishments on account of great precocity and a tendency to overstudy, for she would frequently get up in the middle of the night to do her lessons. However, the stage had always been the goal of all her ambitions, and it was by the advice of her doctor that she was at last allowed to adopt it professionally, and since she has bounded into fame she has been one of the strongest of children, with a good appetite and buoyant spirits. Her début was made on Commemoration Night, in July 1896, at the South London Palace, but hardly a week had fled before she was secured for the Oxford and other West-End halls. Then she went to the Shakspere Theatre at Clapham for the pantomime of "The Forty Thieves," in which she represented Mirth, and since that time she has played at the Tivoli and other halls, been on Moss and Thornton tours, and filled a special engagement of many weeks at the Palace Theatre, where she is a general pet both before and behind the curtain. "Miniature Marie" is a slight and graceful child, wonderfully agile, and shouldering her leg (one of the most difficult of feats) seems no more to her than raising an arm, and a split than walking upstairs, though it is to graceful dancing that she devotes herself.



THE "MINIATURE MARIE."
Photo by Hana, Strand.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

I suppose in town the weather is considered unforgivably hot by such remote, unfriended, and melancholy stragglers as still linger in the used-up air of the capital. In the green and shady Shires, however, existence is unquestionably enhanced by this flaming sunshine, in which, beyond one's own particular corner of lazy shade, the birds and butterflies and blazing August flower-patches make holiday together. If there, indeed, is one time when more than another the country claims individual allegiance, it is surely in the ripening early autumn. Everything then seems at its best and fullest, from velvet-brown bumble-bee hovering in the garden between clumps of lavender or rose-bushes bent double with bloom, to the heather-topped hills, where little brown birds fly "strong on the wing" and odorous moorland breezes lift one's soul and senses out of the streets wherein they too ordinarily dwell.

Talking of grouse, too, the irrepressible poacher has been hard at it for days past, and, although no popping of guns has disturbed the sylvan solitudes in these parts, suspicious-looking hamperers have been finding their way Southward for days past, the contents of which will undoubtedly figure forth on many a London poultreer's stall to-morrow garnished with bunches of heather and exorbitant legends to suitably inaugurate their advent. There is, by the way, a charming shooting-

costume awaiting events in this particular house wherein I abide at the present moment, and though not ordinarily enamoured of that acutely sporting type of Eternal Feminine who pot-shots at all creation, from grouse to goose (preferably the latter), still the intrinsic fascination of this ensemble is undeniable. An Irish tweed of brown "mixture" flecked with red, the hem turned up with suède to match. A waistcoat of this same suave leather, fitting closely to the figure under the neatest of short-basqued coats, every seam of which is strapped with suède one shade darker than the stuff. I know I shall forgive this merry matron even should a trophy fall to her bow and spear, and so would anyone else, even the most rabidly humane, if exposed to the glamour of her outfit. It is a clever little woman, too, with an all-round genius for the most contradictory situations if attractive, and to see her bristling in afternoon silks and figured muslins, you could not suppose that she had ever done anything more exciting than eat thin bread-and-butter.

Grass-lawn, a negative material in itself, I have found risen to extremest heights of *chic* in one or two recent concoctions by a clever Paris dressmaker now established in London. Instead of the tinsel and spangles with which, in somewhat false taste, the material was intrigued last season, both these gowns, though in different manner, had black velvet and lace encrustations laid on in old-world patterns, recalling the styles which we learn from pictures were in vogue when Louis Seize was King and Marie Antoinette was the most beautiful and elegant of an elegant Court.

It has been said that dressmakers wept when soleil-pleating first saw the light in Fashion's world this season, because of the extreme difficulty in arranging its slippery folds in becoming and well-hung sequence; but what is their tribulation compared to that of the sorrowing *blanchisseuse* who has now to confront the problem of "making up" accordion-pleated underclothing, which, by all authoritative accounts, is coming into widespread favour? Fine cambric and mull muslin chemises, soleil-pleated and attached to a yoke of real lace, make noteworthy appearance in all modish trousseaux of the moment, while knickerbockers made in the same manner more resemble divided skirts and are popular with the well-bestowed woman. The same accordion style of

treatment applies to nothing more favourably than to children's frocks, and two enchantingly pretty girls, the property of mine hostess, make picturesque impression wherever they go by being habitually frocked in high-waisted gowns of white accordion-pleated China silk, with what, for want of a better word, I may call "lamp-shade" hats—that is, an overhanging lace-decked brim, with looped ribbon bows, also white. No simpler or prettier style of juvenile dress can be attempted or achieved.

Mankind will or ought to rejoice that at last the picture-hat, beloved of the sex, is now definitely waning and waxing less fearless of outline. The straw or velvet hats, with thickets of foliage or forest of feathers, is voted out, and will not soon again vex the spirit of the maddened matinée-goer. Toques and bonnets are the fashionable fare of the future, and among other revivals I notice the soft and drooping marabout is in for a sufficient measure of favour. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the clamour which "picture-hats" have raised so far West even as Cincinnati, where the law peremptorily proclaimed them in play-house, there is, and always will be, a certain fascination attaching to the style which Gainsborough immortalised, a most alluring example of which figured on the lawn of Friday's Goodwood. It was black, of course—by way of interlude, I may add that every well-dressed woman should at all times possess a black hat in her wardrobe—a cluster of pale-pink roses lifted up the left brim; frilled black chiffon trimmed the crown, and against the misty blackness of some ostrich plumes a spray of silver-beech leaves admirably imitated made capital cause. It was a really lovely hat. French flower-makers are somewhat paradoxically busy on the manufacture of fruit for autumn hat-trimming at the moment. Red, ripe-looking clusters of rowan-bERRIES, currants, red, white, and black, raspberries, even little apples and pears, quaintly mounted on stalk and foliage, are among the "new things" which we shall later on take to our hats and hearts. Nuts, berries, and fruit of all sorts will oust the lace and ribbon with which we have dallied so long; and I saw before leaving town the smartest little hat of russet-brown straw and velvet sporting some tantalisingly realistic green figs, admirably holding the mirror to toothsome nature.

The elderly matron will decidedly have her "innings" this year as applied to all matters of clothes, for amplitude, ornamentation, and rich materials are the expensive watchwords

of the coming hour. See how flounces have grown in regard, and the return from severe and simple lines has increased with every season lately. Now, matrons of many years have, as a rule, one unfortunate if distinguishing feature, inasmuch as that nine of every ten develop *embonpoint* below the waist-line, which, it will be generally allowed, does not tend to etherealise middle-age. Therefore, a tightly strained, unflounced, and unfurnished style of dress leaves the fashionable chaperon with an unpoetic if otherwise comely outline. But now, with flounce, fringe, and furbelow once more a vogue, the rotund British materfamilias may tone down her high lights and build up her vacant spaces with greatly improved pictorial effect.

Of the two gowns shown in this week's summary of fashions both are somewhat ornate, although the flounced representative goes fashionably farther than its neighbour, which is one of the new tartan silk bodices, fastened down at left side with three square-cut tabs over a detachable band of white pique. A neck-trimming of the tartan, with band and bow, shows against collar of white pique, which also appears at cuffs. The waistband, of plain blue satin, is fastened with a dull-gold buckle. Over this bodice can be worn as the season advances a daintily shaped bolero of dull-blue cloth, quite light in texture, which matches the skirt. A design of dark-blue satin appliquéd gives the dress originality.



[Copyright.]

TARTAN GREEN AND CLOTH.



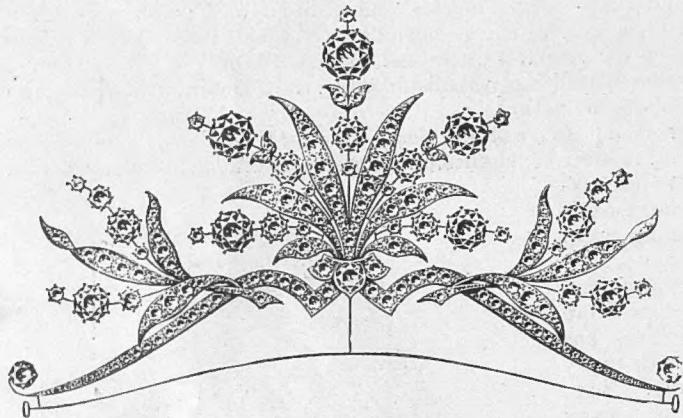
[Copyright.]

AUTUMN, 1897.

This other dress of grey cashmere is a model of forthcoming form, being quite tight over the hips and breaking forth into a ridge of flounces at the knee. Each flounce is headed with a band of rather narrow grey velvet, and trimmed with four narrow rows of grey bébé satin ribbon. Fine steel embroidery is brought to bear on the bodice, which is becomingly planned in wavy pleats, and trimmed with velvet and narrow satin ribbons to match the skirt.

It is surprising that cornflower-blue has not had more than a *succès d'estime* this year, the colour is so intrinsically lovely. Paris dressmakers did their energetic best to make it a fashion, but only a few women with widely extended wardrobes took it into consideration. At Cowes one of the most successful frocks was a pale cornflower-blue chiffon, the bodice pouched back and front. Two frills of fine yellow lace, divided by gathered puffs of chiffon, made effective diversion on bodice and at both sides of apron.

Goodwood, though now far back in the classics, recurs to me in these green solitudes as worthy of mention in two matters; firstly, the prevalence of grey top-hats among the men, who, led in this matter by his Royal Highness, were conspicuously "light-headed," except on Cup Day, which, contrastingly hot, crowded, and formal, was, among other features, signalled by most of the men appearing uncomfortably crowded into frock-coats and the regulation inky stove-pipes, which in such weather must have carried more than their ordinary share of corporeal punishment. The accepted truism of *il faut souffrir* surely never applied half as much to the weaker sex as to that sometimes known as "stronger," for we rarely make the effort to be unduly uncomfortable without very sufficient cause nowadays, while a country race-meeting (for Goodwood literally amounts to that and no more) is the peg on which untold sartorial sufferings are meekly borne in blazing noonday by complaisant man. The second item deserving of remembrance was the costliness and fragility of the women's clothes, which outdid even Ascot in extravagant daintiness. The Princess, one day in palest mauve,



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A TIARA AT FAULKNER'S.

another in delicate black and white, and on all four enchantingly dainty, made, as usual, a model of form and most etherealised fashion. At the other end of the social pole Mrs. Langtry both attracted and appeased the most fastidious taste in her varying gowns of wistaria-coloured blue, voyant rose, black, and white. Apropos of blue, Mrs. McCalmont's confection of that tone was a poem of form and colour, while the favourite hue was also respectively exhibited on Cup Day by Lady Mabel Sivier and Mrs. Maitland Shaw, much glorified by insertions of black Chantilly and the delightful but ruinous embroideries which have signalled this Season's millinery compositions.

Whether in honour of a forthcoming brilliant function in Dublin or from purely aesthetic reasons, I cannot say, but a novelty in those hearts we have lately taken to dangling, not on our sleeves, indeed, but on our neck-chains, has just been introduced which bids fair to oust all other rivals from the field. The newest and latest of all "hearts" is crystal bound with gold, enclosing a four-leaved shamrock for luck in the middle. Another novelty is the introduction of a mirror into this modern acceptance of the once universal locket. Enamelling of elaborate sorts is again a fresh device of the artful jeweller to keep our tired fancy in play, and, as a matter of fact, the "heart of gold" which we have one and all taken so fervidly to our chains is more than ever firmly established in fickle feminine favour, notwithstanding all jeers and prophecies to the contrary.

Talking of jewellery, however remote these up-to-date trivialities may appear as viewed from the earlier standards of that ancient craft, I notice that a visit to Faulkner's famous shop in the Quadrant, Regent Street, relieves one of all responsibility in accrediting modern jewellers with the divine afflatus of original conception, for here are exhibited delicate devices for showing the simulated ruby, emerald, sapphire, or diamond at its best and brightest, while strings of shining pearls (also "composed" to the modern occasion) read a homily by their very perfection on the futility of the diver's perilous life. This tiara here illustrated is but one of many deftly executed designs for the greater adornment of lovely woman, and those little circular diadems which have lately come into favour are also among many of Faulkner's masterpieces of jewel-setting. Many of the lately revived Louis Quatorze designs lend themselves particularly well to brooches and corsage ornaments, of which a varied exhibition is provided, some of these delicate and dainty jewels beginning at the modest price of thirty shillings. Bangles of

increasing amplitude are promised in the general revival of elderly fashions which obtains again, but such of Faulkner's designs as are most noticeably beguiling retain the narrow form we have grown to think best, rather than the broad bands of metal in which our predecessors delighted. It is, indeed, to be hoped this ponderous form of jewellery will not come to be taken seriously again. Never were the gauds with which lovely woman adorns herself in better taste than at present. So much and widely is this recognised that even the fortunate possessors of heirlooms galore do not hesitate to wear side by side with these "family affairs" the aesthetic and highly finished productions of such firms as Messrs. Faulkner, whose artistic efforts have maintained the jewel-worker's art at its highest level even in this decadent work-a-day century.

The boy and girl season is on us again, and this year in a particularly prolonged sense, owing to the Jubilee week, which from Eton downwards has been more or less generally allotted to the youth of these loyal islands. The cheery, romping boys somehow always seem a more easily solved quantity in the matter of amusement than girls. While there is cricket, fruit-filled kitchen-garden, or stable to distract their superfluous energy—not to add the boating and bathing part of their holiday heaven—the boys may be safely considered as provided with interest and occupation; but after the first delights of home-coming are spent girls are often obviously out-at-elbows for interests in this non-sewing, undomesticated age. Taking counsel with a mother of many on this burning question last year, I advised that somewhat harassed matron to provide her three schoolgirl daughters with a room absolutely sacred to themselves, where they could read, paint, fretwork, write, or occupy themselves in the hundred-and-one ways which are only possible in one's own ownest sanctum, which can be disarranged or embellished at pleasure and leisure without calling down the wrath of an orderly household on one's devoted head. The plan, I am bound to say, answered admirably. One of the three damsels in question had the drawing and daubing faculty in a very budding stage, and her water-colours, henceforth relegated to the "den," ceased to affright the housemaids at every unexpected corner in various stages of moist and sticky landscape. Another with a turn for spoiling paper found here a refuge for her inspired moments, which to her family had previously appeared only in the lurid-light of ink-blots on every chair-cover. The third, a dressmaker born, did all her cutting up and stitching down also in this sacred spot, which thus enclosed the combined results of all three girls' various tastes, and gave full and free opportunity for their development. Most houses can spare, at least in holiday-time, one little room for the purpose aforesaid, and where the effort is made to do so there will be no more aimless lounging half-hours, with boredom on the girls' part and latent irritation at Ethel or Mabel's do-nothingness on the other.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DIAKKHA.—(1) It is not always necessary to send diamonds to the jeweller's when they require cleaning. Of course, a certain degree of care must be used, but you will find that immersing the tiara in lukewarm water, in which some of Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia has been mixed, will restore the brilliance equally well; a very soft brush should be used to remove dust from the interstices, then polish with chamois-leather, and presto! (2) Grass-lawn is unbecoming both from its colour and texture, more especially to dark women; but if you have bought the stuff, I should recommend it made up with black, white, and rose. One of Paquin's gowns made in this combination for the Dublin Horse Show is the best version of grass-lawn I have ever seen. (3) If you want an effective and uncommon combination for your little dinner, try nasturtiums, all as much as possible in the same shade of bright velvety brown. These, tied up with cuckoo-grass in slender glass tubes and set on a centrepiece of light-blue soft satin, will give charming effect. Narrow blue satin ribbons should tie up each little bouquet loosely.

J. F. K. B. (Lahinch, co. Clare).—I fear the wrong name was given in error. Your tablecloths will be found at Walpole Brothers', of High Street, Kensington, and Bond Street; not Wallis. I hope the mistake has not led to your mystification.

SYBIL.

The Lancet's analytical department has been inquiring into the merits of the Scotch Whisky which is supplied to the House of Commons. The Buchanan blend is found to be "a remarkably pure spirit, and therefore well adapted for medicinally dietetic purposes. It contains a very small proportion of extractive matters, while the acidity is practically nil. The actual results of analysis were as follows: Alcohol, by weight, 38·78 per cent.; by volume, 46·02 per cent., equal to proof spirit 80·64 per cent.; extractives, 0·21 per cent.; mineral matter, nil; acidity reckoned as acetic acid, 0·027 per cent. The spirit, while free from injurious and crude products, possesses a delicate and smooth flavour, owing partly to skill in blending, and partly to the maturing effects of storage for some years in wood." Members of Parliament, you see, know a good thing. It is a pity that our legislators are not equally critical as to the so-called whisky, rum, &c., which our soldiers and sailors are able to procure at some foreign stations, not to mention our own seaports.

The New Palace Steamers, Limited, announce that to-day and each succeeding Wednesday until Sept. 1 *La Marguerite* will make a special trip to Boulogne and back, calling at Southend and Margate to and fro. A special feature of this trip is the fact that passengers will have no less than three hours and a half on shore at Boulogne, as it is intended that a special train, to connect at Tilbury, shall leave Fenchurch Street at 6·15 a.m., steamer returning from Boulogne at 4 p.m. A considerable reduction in fares to Margate and Ramsgate has been made.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on August 25.

HOME RAILWAYS.

The results of the half-year in Home Rails, as shown in dividend announcements and reports, have not been particularly brilliant. They have not been unsatisfactory on the whole, and they point to the prospect of steady progression; but, with a few exceptions, the big increases recorded for the half-year in gross receipts have panned out more poorly than might have been expected in net profits. One of the exceptions is the Chatham. Mr. Staats Forbes has done invaluable work in rescuing this company from its unfortunate condition, and the Second Preference shareholders are now well in sight of their full dividend. But we should not advise them to be too sanguine. There is an enormous amount to be done, and an enormous amount of money to be spent, before the Chatham passenger train service can be described as efficient. It would be the natural and reasonable course to remedy these notorious defects before indulging in the luxury of paying dividends which are not compulsory.

Our New Zealand correspondent sends us the following letter on the Coromandel field. It is as straightforward as it is valuable, and we only wish it were possible to give details of every mine in the district with the limited space at our disposal—

COROMANDEL.

Coromandel seems to possess more fascinations for the speculative mining investor than any of the other New Zealand fields. It was at one time the easiest



Captain Hodge.

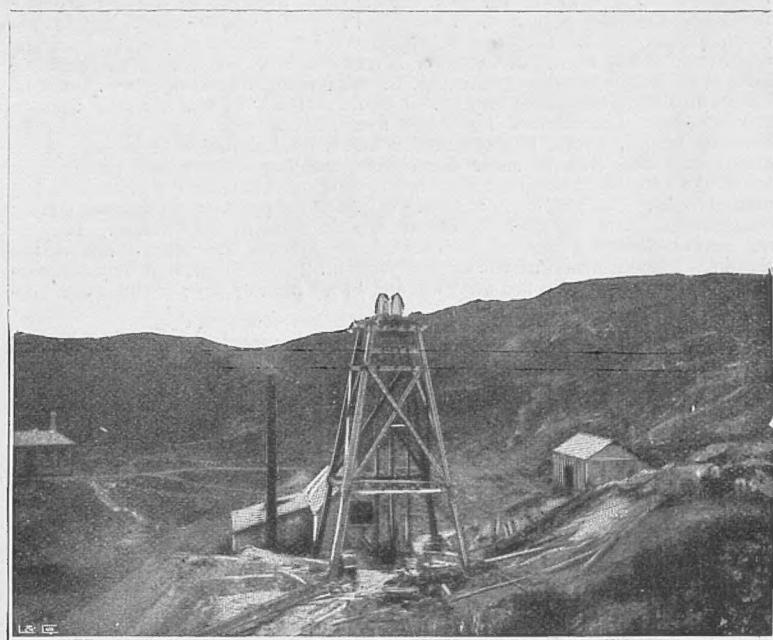
G. Ingall.

Cecil Hartridge.

PIONEERS OF THE COROMANDEL.

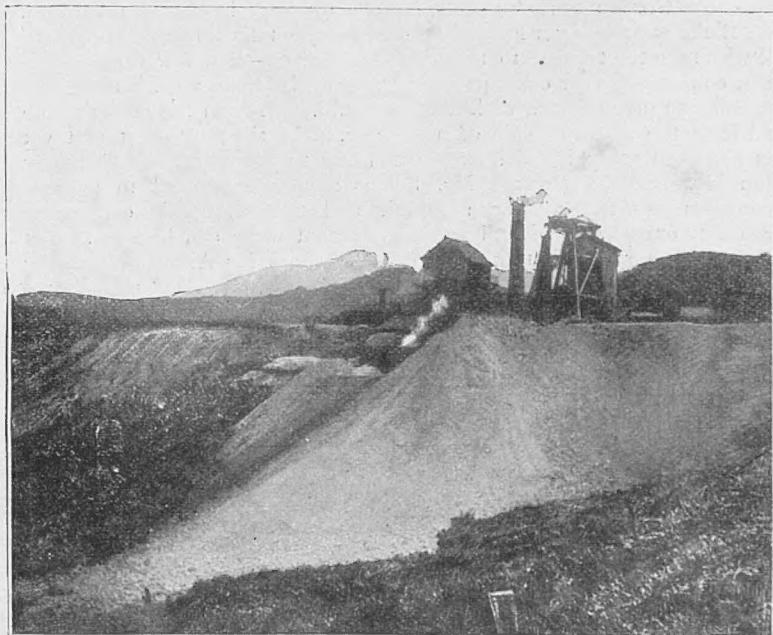
thing possible to float a Coromandel mine, and almost every promoter in the City has had his shot at the public. The severest criticism would not be out of place, for Coromandel stinks in the nose of the expert. And yet I have a sneaking kindness for the district. I know that not one mine in a hundred can ever succeed. I know that many of them were never floated with any idea of success, and I know that many of the companies have dragged on a miserable existence for years. And yet I make bold enough to say that had all the New Zealand mines been floated as honestly as those known as the Hartridge Group, the British public would have no cause of complaint against New Zealand. Mining is a pure gamble. People who buy mining shares buy them for a few shillings in the hope that one day a rich find will turn their shillings into pounds. Therefore the longer a mine exists the more chance there is of the rich find being made and the profit secured. We want an energetic manager, a small capital, and plenty of money for exploration. Now the Hartridge mines fulfil these conditions. Captain Hodge is a terrific worker; he is never idle a moment. He spends money like water, but only with one object—to find gold, and find it quickly. He doesn't dawdle over the development. If he has a thousand pounds to spend upon a level, he puts all the available hands to work, and gets his level driven in half the time any other mine-manager could. This is unique. Most mine-managers having a good round sum in the bank say to themselves. "This will keep me five years, and the less men I employ the longer will the money last, the longer will my salary continue." They don't want to develop too quickly. But Hodge knows his Coromandel. He knows that there are pockets of gold scattered about in the various claims, and his one idea is to find them as quickly as possible. I hope he may. He does not disguise the difficulties of his task; neither does Hartridge. Cynic and pessimist as I am, I have not one word of criticism for the admirable circular Cecil Hartridge sent round to the shareholders in his group upon his return from New Zealand. He worked like a horse when in Coromandel, and he found out all about the field, and told the shareholders the plain truth. How many promoters or brokers would have done the same? Ninety-nine out of every hundred would have taken down all the statements they heard from interested parties and have shut their eyes to the actual conditions of the field, if they had ever discovered them. Hartridge tells his people, "You have put your money into a pocky district;

you stand to win a fortune, but you must not be disappointed if you lose." The Hauraki has turned out an enormous quantity of gold; other properties may be equally lucky, or they may not. The great point is that none of them can fail for want of money. They are amply provided with working capital, and that working capital is spent carefully, if quickly. As for the great Hauraki itself, I had every facility given me for forming an accurate opinion as to its value. I



PREECE'S POINT, COROMANDEL.

believe I am the only newspaper-man who has ever been down the mine. When I was there Hodge had a hundred men at work exploring underground. He had almost come to the end of his rich find, and he was straining every nerve to find some more gold. I hope he may; there is no reason why he should not. It is quite certain that, unless he does, the Hauraki will drop out of the dividend list. I do not think that your readers would be interested in a detailed description of the underground workings. The Hauraki is a rabbit-warren. The old tributors have fossicked about all over the place, following even the most insignificant leaders. It is the only way in Coromandel. Tributors found the gold in the first instance, and they found it by sheer hard work. There is no series of reefs in Coromandel; the whole country is one mass of tiny stringers, in which, when the gold is found, it is often found rich. In Scotty's they took out £500 worth in half an hour, and then—no more. In the Hauraki the little veins of quartz are almost solid gold. I attach no importance whatever to the position of a mine at Coromandel. The nature of the country is much more important. When the rock is soft, decomposed andesite, there is the gold likely to be found; where it is hard, no gold has ever been discovered in any payable quantity. There is always a chance in the soft country, seldom one in the hard. This is worth noting. We know little or nothing as to how gold is formed or under what conditions; but we mine by experience. It would be somewhat unfair if I condemned right away half the mines in Coromandel, because I have no scientific grounds for my belief that nine-tenths of them will never pay. They are all searching for pockets. Preece's Point, Kathleen, and most of the Hodge-managed mines are likely speculations.



KAPANGA, COROMANDEL.

None of those that I saw outside this group seem to me worth mention. Half of them are not worked with any energy; some of them have machinery which is quite useless, others have never seen gold, and are not likely to. Upon the top of the hill which shuts in Coromandel is a huge buck reef, which has been more or less explored of late years; with but little success. The leaders running into it have produced a fair amount, and many of them would possibly

pay for development in the deep levels. Mining is cheap in Coromandel, and there is some water-power, but not much. The old Kapanga has found gold at 940 feet, and, refractory as the ore is, it might pay for treatment if the values are right; but the find is so recent that I am unable to say how much ore is in sight. The lower levels want properly opening up, and a complete system of assaying is necessary. The Kapanga has a valuable asset in the enormous tailings heap, the result of thirty years' crushings; but no attempt has been made to treat the tailings, which are one mass of mineral. It should pay the company to send out an expert to report upon this enormous dump, because I, for one, will never believe that it is barren. I have seen the mill, and I am sure it does not catch half the gold. Kapanga might be saved by its tailings heap, as many another mine has been. Mr. Seddon is very sanguine about Kapanga and the finds at so great a depth. Politically, I think Seddon a humbug; but I fancy he knows a thing or two about mining. I would rather trust him in a mine than on the hustings. Coromandel has a bad name, but we cannot get away from the Hauraki record, which is magnificent; and what Hauraki has done any of the others may do. But for sheer downright gambling Coromandel stands clear ahead of all the other mining fields I have ever seen. There are few prizes here and many blanks. The best thing one can say is that the prizes when won are simply magnificent. The Coromandel folks are not like those at the Thames. They do not claim to have a wonderful gold-field, or declare that their deep-levels are the richest. They disarm criticism by admitting all their failings, and they make no boom or bounce. "We are what we are," they humbly say; "you must take us for better or worse."

AMERICAN RAILS.

The market in Yankees, at the time of writing, is strong, but the activity is mostly confined to the stocks which are not known on this market, and which are only quoted here as an index to the feeling in Wall Street. We read in telegrams about rises and falls in such things as Sugar Trust, Tobacco Trust, and Hudson River and Laclede Gas Light. None of these is a railway, but they are the sort of stocks which serve as a barometer of the temperature on the New York Stock Exchange. The writer had the opportunity the other day of conversing with an American of cosmopolitan experience, a member of a State Congress, and devoid of all prejudice on financial questions, unless you attribute to prejudice a strong predilection in favour of sound money. It is not necessary to repeat the well-worn arguments which he put forth as to the vital importance of currency reform in the United States. What was particularly impressive was the emphatic statement that it was by no means improbable that at the next Presidential Election Mr. Bryan might be elected. While intelligent, educated Americans regard this as possible, even if they are fighting tooth-and-nail against Mr. Bryan and his Silverite programme, nobody can wonder at the reluctance of the British investor to put his money into American Rails, or, indeed, any United States security regarding which the currency question is a factor.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

Despite the rise in Chartered shares, we repeat our warnings to investors that they are not intrinsically worth the paper they are printed upon. Nothing has happened to improve the value of the shares except that the inner ring has manipulated the Market and engineered a small boomlet.

There is no payable gold in the country, agriculture as a means of money-making is impossible, and even stock-raising never likely to be a profitable game; but the concern is engineered by men who have been clever enough to trade not only on the cupidity but also on the patriotism of Englishmen. We do not say Chartered shares are not gambling counters which may be worth more to-morrow than they are to-day; that is as it may be; but our readers have only to study for themselves Mr. Blake's article in the *National Review* and Mr. F. C. Selous' reply in the *Daily Chronicle* to see what a rotten bubble the whole thing is. Even Sir Gordon Sprigg thinks it time to give the world a warning. Mr. Blake is probably a hostile witness, but he tells home-truths which all who take the trouble to think for themselves—how few they are!—must confess are very convincing. Mr. Selous is a man who, if there was anything to say in favour of Rhodesia, would, both from friendship's sake and from the natural pride of a pioneer, make the most of it, and yet his so-called reply is even more damaging to the Chartered Company than Mr. Blake's attack. Mr. Selous admits that gold in payable quantities has not yet been found, and that Rhodesia can never profitably export agricultural produce. What more can be said? Let the people who so gaily talk about the future, ask Mr. Alford, the mining expert, what are the prospects of the gold industry. Not many years ago Mr. Alford told the truth about the Silati Company, to the disgust of Mr. C. A. Conybere, its chairman. Since then he has been all over Rhodesia, and have not Bewick, Moreing, and Co. withdrawn all their agencies and abandoned the country in consequence of Mr. Alford's confidential reports to them thereon?

Now is the time to get out; it may be the Rhodes-Beit combination will manipulate the shares to higher figures, for the company wants more money, and, as we write, is attempting to extract a further million from long-suffering John Bull by means of railway debentures. We do not suppose the attempt will succeed, but there is, after all, a certain grandeur about this class of buccaneering.

Railways may be made, markets may be manipulated, reports may be circulated of golden discoveries, but the rottenness of the land will remain, and in the end the great Chartered bubble will burst even as its South Sea predecessor did in the days of John Law. It shall not be our fault if the readers of *The Sketch* are victims when the inevitable end of all rotten companies overtakes this, the rottenest—aye, and the wickedest—of them all. It is said that small investors have locked up the shares in fives and tens for their children. The sooner they get rid of them and spend the money on a trip to the seaside the better for this and the next generation.

ISSUES.

The Mashonaland Railway Company, Limited, is offering £1,150,000 5 per cent. debentures, guaranteed for twenty-two years by the Chartered Company, and we wish the subscribers, if there are any, joy of their bargain. A few acres of veldt, with a lot of second-class steel rails, and an inferior engine or two at one end, and £1,150,000 of good English sovereigns at the other. The conception is worthy of Cecil Rhodes, who, to give him his due, never descends to dealing in anything less than millions.

Steinway and Sons, Limited.—The great piano business which for years has been carried on under the name of Steinway has followed the fashion of the age and turned itself into a limited company. Except for last year's profits, the auditor's certificate is both full and satisfactory, and we imagine the explanation given of the falling off is the correct one. The pref. shares appear a safe investment, and we believe the holders of ordinary will, in all probability, do well.

Saturday, Aug. 7, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. F. M.—The address you want is Poultry Chambers, Poultry, London, E.C. We have a very poor opinion of the concern and all connected with it.

J. B.—There is a Transvaal company called the Phoenix Gold Mines, Limited. It has some ground on the Black Reef in the Heidelberg District. Capital is £250,000. Prospecting is going on, but nothing of value has yet, we believe, been discovered. We can get no quotation for the shares in the Market.

F. M.—We are sorry that it did not strike us that there could be any real importance in the question of whether the dividends were paid in April and October or in March and September. We should have thought you could have locked up the cheques for a month or paid them in to your banking account without any great trouble, and that there was no need to spend the money because it was paid to you. As to your list, Nos. 1, 3, and 4 are fair second-class investments, yielding a good bit more than the modest 4 per cent. you talk about. No. 2 is practically a short bill, and if you can buy to pay you (allowing for redemption) 4 per cent., the security is first-class. We suggest Industrial and General Trust Unified Stock, Auckland Harbour Board Five per Cent. debentures (1917), and Winnipeg Five per Cent. (1914) debentures.

MUMBLES.—Let the lady buy Imperial Continental Gas Stock or Continental ditto and City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds or Sanitas shares; for choice, the first and the last.

QUEENIE.—Your question is a purely legal one, and you ought to consult a solicitor, not the Financial Editor of this or any other paper. Generally, we may say, if you hire a bicycle, a horse, or anything else, employ it for the purpose for which it was hired, and are not deliberately reckless in its use, you are not liable for an accident; but, of course, all sorts of subsidiary questions may crop up, as, for instance, that you represented to the hirer that you were reasonably skilful in riding a cycle, whereas you were, in fact, not so, &c. Our advice would be to defy the cycle man, and let him sue you if he dares. Clearly your father is not responsible.

SAILE.—The present price is about £4 17s. 6d., and we certainly consider the shares a really good investment, likely to grow in value.

C. W. W.—You have adopted somebody else's *nom-de-guerre*, so we fall back on your initials. (1) A speculative investment. (2 and 3) Reasonably good purchases at present price, especially No. 3. (4) We know nothing against it, but would rather not pronounce a definite opinion. (5) A small affair, but very lucrative. Quotations for 2 and 3 will be found in the Official List of the London Stock Exchange and in any ordinary broker's list, but we believe No. 5 is only dealt in at Leeds, and you should write to a Leeds broker for a quotation.

CESTRIAN.—We know nothing of the concern you write about, and really cannot find either time or money to go and search the files at Somerset House for the purpose of telling you the exact story of the death and burial (if it is buried) of your unfortunate speculation. Why not write to the last address you have and ask the secretary for the information which you wish us to dig out with so much labour?

SAMBO.—If you subscribe to any of these Klondyke concerns you are a fool.

RECONSTRUCTOR.—We are glad you find our explanation of Section 161 of the Act clear and useful. We are acting on your suggestion as to the fully paid shares this week.

G. F. P.—We sent you the name and address of the solicitor you require on the 6th inst.

H. L.—We only write letters in accordance with Rule 5. We do not know whether the amalgamation has yet got an address, but you can get what you want by writing to any one of the concerns about to form the new company. Try the Beeston Tyre Company, Charing Cross Road, W.C. *The Sketch* is issued on a Wednesday, and consequently there was no issue of July 17.

J. E. C. and S. W.—We answered your letters on the 7th inst.

S. V.—Your brokers are right. There is no market for the shares, because it was so badly subscribed. Write to the secretary and ask him if he knows of a buyer, saying you will be willing to pay a commission of sixpence a share if he can find one, and, should this fail, advertise in one of the London daily papers for offers.

INVESTOR.—We strongly urge you to have no dealings with the Universal Stock Exchange, which is another name for an outside tout who is prepared to gamble with you (not for you) with the odds of ten to one on his side. You are sure to drop your money if you disregard this advice, besides which, no man can touch pitch without being defiled.

STONE.—(1) We continue to hear good accounts of this mine from our original informant, but the published reports are not encouraging. (2) See this week's New Zealand letter. (3) We prefer *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. to anything of the kind we know, and you can buy them with absolute safety. (4) When we have a tip we usually give it in "City Notes." Day Dawn Blocks look good.

A. F. C.—Consult a doctor, not a City Editor.

F. C. P.—We prefer Hannan's Reward to any of the things you name. (1) A complete failure so far. (2) Not a bad speculation, as we hear the London and Globe people are going to bring this and other things into an amalgamation. We hear bad accounts of its intrinsic merits. (3) Said to be getting poor at depth. (4) Our original informant swears by them, but we have our doubts. (5) A speculation which we do not recommend.